HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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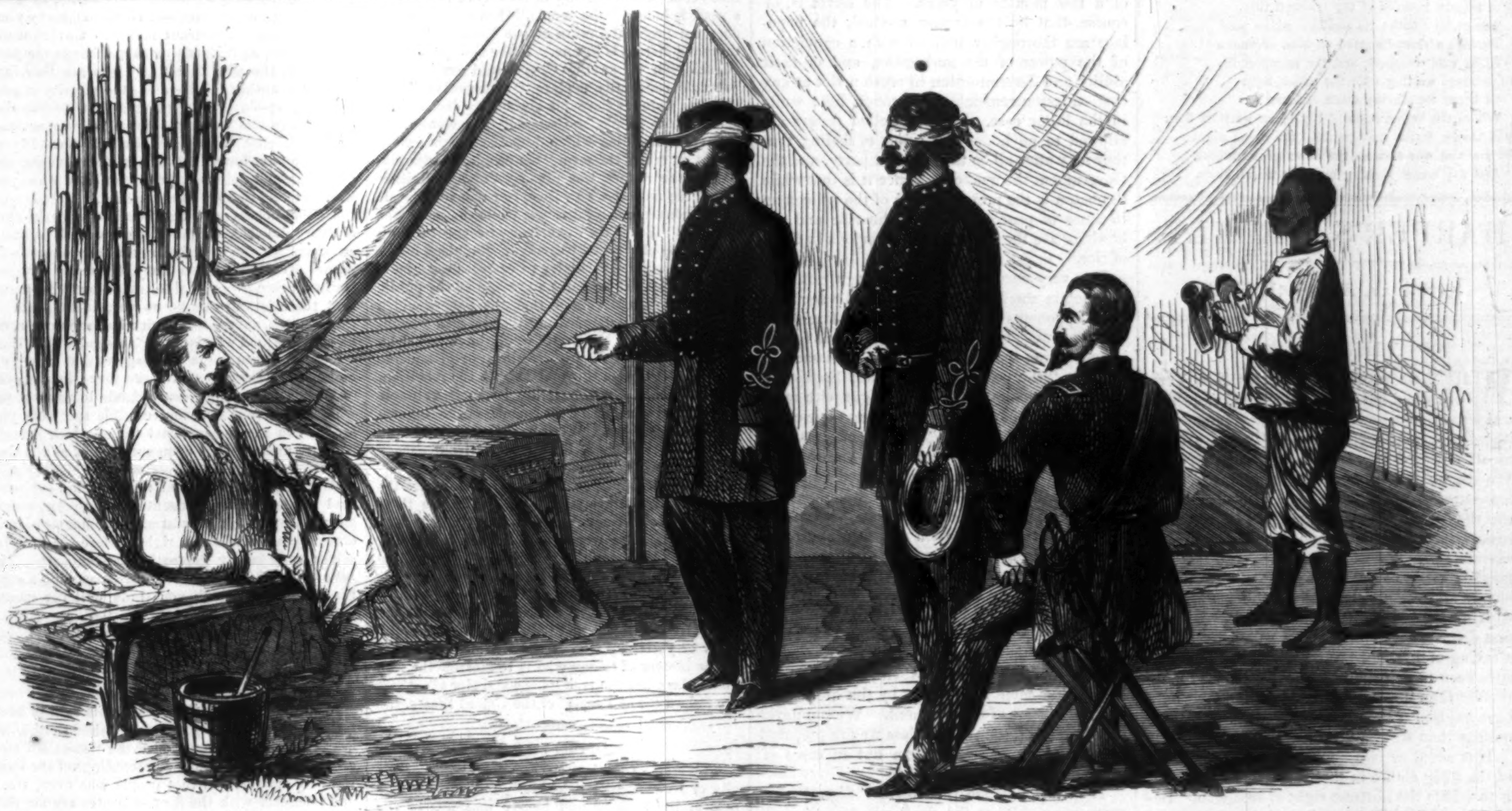
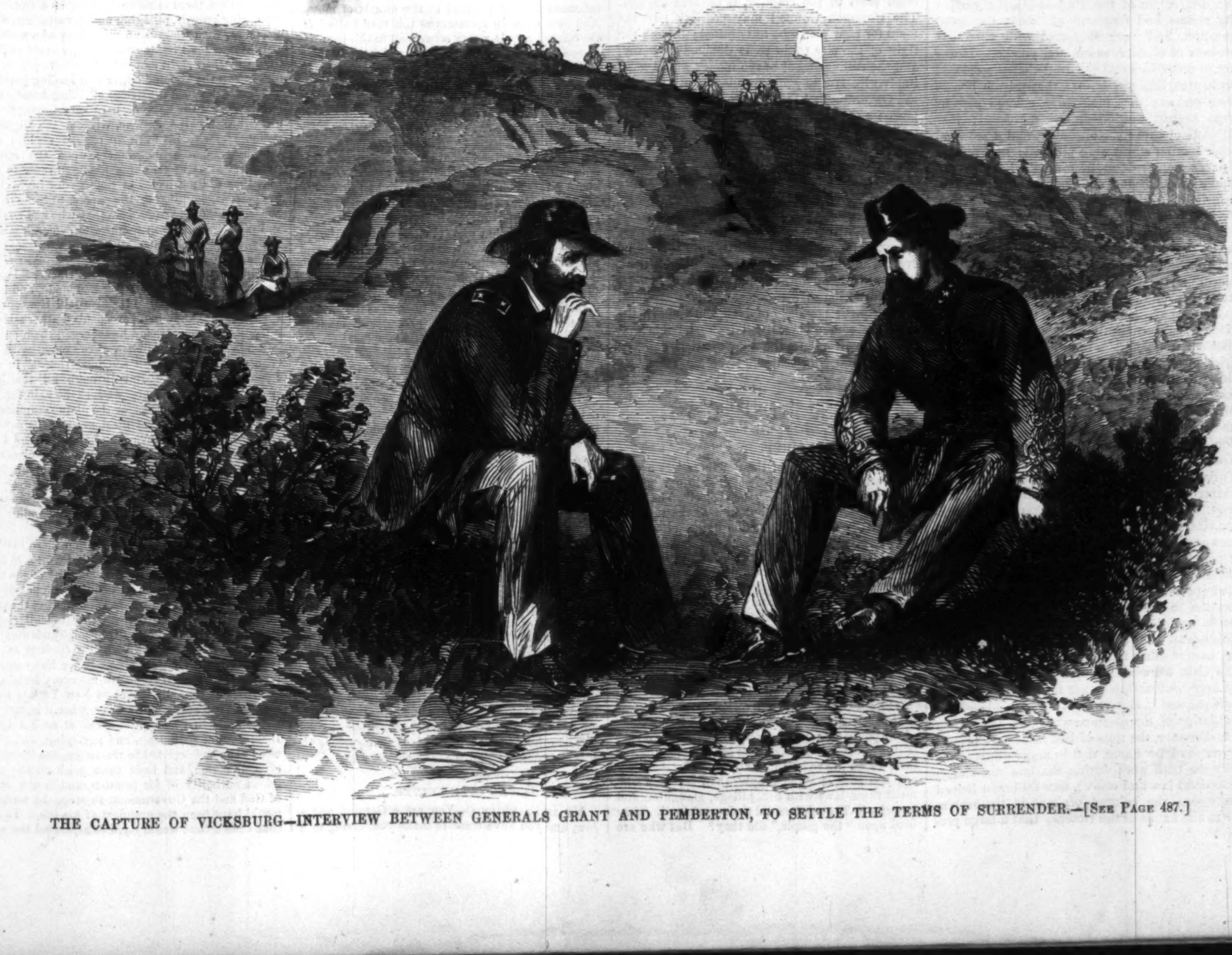


THE REBEL GENERAL BOWEN AND COLONEL MONTGOMERY ARRIVING AT GENERAL BURBRIDGE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERALS GRANT AND PEMBERTON, TO SETTLE THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

BANKS.

I.

Cedar Mountain.—August 9, 1862.

It was a rare good fortune to our arms,
That when the flushed foe through the mountains poured,
He found there by the rushing river ford
One whose calm soul was stranger to alarms.
Serene amid the conflict's fiery harms;
Master of fate; of his own spirit lord:
Like that stout knight on whose firm mail the sword
Clashed, shivering, glanced, nor burst the faery charms.
An Iron Man! In happier days that name
Hailed him the peaceful champion of the North:
And now the faithful years have blazoned forth
Its splendid prophecy in the battle's flame.
Twice-fortunate brow, where, grandly darkening down,
The warrior-laurel shades the civic crown!

II.

Port Hudson.—July 9, 1863.

Again thy name the listening nation thrills!
Thy Victory, won with war's importunate roar,
Crowns thy rough wooing by the Western shore,
As once amid Virginia's breezy hills.
The mighty thunder of thy triumph fills
The guilty South; its stealthy echoes pour
Through treason-haunted regions, evermore
Waking wild whispers, and the nameless ills
Of bondage wasting with the potent light
Of hope; for slavery death-stricken lies
Where the vague fame of thy black warriors flies.
The bloody shapes that troubled the dread night
Of woe and war fade as the dawn grows bright,
And day comes flushing up the tranquil skies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 1, 1863.

THE RIOTS.

When we wrote last week the New York riots had but just commenced, and there was some doubt how far they might extend and where they might culminate. They are now, to all outward appearance, substantially over. We see no reason, however, to alter the opinions expressed in our last issue. The outbreak was the natural consequence of pernicious teachings widely scattered among the ignorant and excitable populace of a great city; and the only possible mode of dealing with it was stern and bloody repression. Had the mob been assailed with grape and canister on Monday, when the first disturbance took place, it would have been a saving of life and property. Had the resistance been more general, and the bloodshed more profuse than it was, on Thursday, the city would have enjoyed a longer term of peace and tranquillity than we can now count upon.

It is about as idle now to argue the question of the $300 clause in the Conscription Act as it is to debate the abstract right of secession. Before Monday night the riot had got far beyond the question of the draft. Within an hour after the destruction of the Provost-Marshal's office the rioters had forgotten all about the $300 question, and were engrossed with villainous projects of murder, arson, and pillage. It was not in order to avoid the draft that the colored orphan asylum was burnt; that private houses were sacked; that inoffensive colored persons were beaten, mutilated, and murdered; that Brooks's clothing establishment and a score of other smaller stores were pillaged; that private citizens were robbed in open daylight in the public streets, beaten and maimed; that the metropolis of the country was kept for nearly a week in a state of agonizing terror and suspense. For these outrages the draft was merely the pretext; the cause was the natural turbulence of a heterogeneous populace, aggravated by the base teachings of despicable politicians and their newspaper organs.

Some newspapers dwell upon the fact that the rioters were uniformly Irish, and hence argue that our trouble arises from the perversity of the Irish race. But how do these theorists explain the fact that riots precisely similar to that of last week have occurred within our time at Paris, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna; and that the Lord George Gordon riots in London, before our time, far surpassed our New York riot in every circumstance of atrocity? Turbulence is no exclusive attribute of the Irish character: it is common to all mobs in all countries. It happens in this city that, in our working classes, the Irish element largely preponderates over all others, and if the populace acts as a populace Irishmen are naturally prominent therein. It happens, also, that, from the limited opportunities which the Irish enjoy for education in their own country, they are more easily misled by knaves, and made the tools of politicians, when they come here, than Germans or men of other races. The impulsiveness of the Celt, likewise, prompts him to be foremost in every outburst, whether for a good or for an evil purpose. But it must be remembered, in palliation of the disgrace which, as Archbishop Hughes says, the riots of last week have heaped upon the Irish name, that in many wards of the city the Irish were during the late riot stanch friends of law and order; that Irishmen helped to rescue the colored orphans in the asylum from the hands of the rioters; that a large proportion of the police, who behaved throughout the riot with the most exemplary gallantry, are Irishmen; that the Roman Catholic priesthood to a man used their influence on the side of the law; and that perhaps the most scathing rebuke administered to the riot was written by an Irishman—James T. Brady.

It is important that this riot should teach us something more useful than a revival of Know-Nothing prejudices. We ought to learn from it—what we should have known before, but communities like individuals learn nothing except from experience—that riots are the natural and inevitable diseases of great cities, epidemics, like small-pox and cholera, which must be treated scientifically, upon logical principles, and with the light of large experience. In old cities where the authorities know how to treat riots, and resort at once to grape and canister, they never occur twice in a generation, one lesson being sufficient for the most hot-blooded rioter; in other places, where less vigorous counsels prevail, the disease is checked and covered up for a time, but breaks out afresh at intervals of a few months or years. The secret is, of course, that by the former method, the populace are thoroughly imbued with a conviction of the power of the authorities, and of their ability and determination to crush a riot at any cost—a lesson remembered through life; while in the latter case, the half-quelled rioters are allowed to go home with a sort of feeling that they may after all be the stronger party, and the Government the weaker. Hence it is that while the baton is the proper weapon of the policeman in times of peace and order, the rifle and the howitzer are the only merciful weapons in times of riot.

It is very essential, in suppressing a riot, that the rioters should have no excuse for accusing their opponents of being in any way foreigners or strangers. If it had been true, as was falsely stated during the recent riot, that the issue was between "the people" and "United States soldiers," the rioters would have fought with more ferocity than they did, knowing that their opponents were "the people" like themselves. It would have a bad effect, as every one can see, to send for troops from New England or Pennsylvania to put down a riot in New York. But if we are to put down our own riots, citizens interested in the preservation of peace and order must be willing to tender their services. It is due to truth to say that the citizens of New York showed very little alacrity in responding to the call of the Mayor and Governor for volunteers to suppress the late riot. Of 400 muskets which lay idle at the armory of the 37th regiment, only 80 found men to carry them, though urgent appeals for men were made by the authorities and the officers of the regiment. We can never expect to keep the peace unless we are prepared—one and all of us—to turn out in cases of emergency, and fight.

It is just possible that further disturbances may occur. That the draft will be enforced, at any cost, in the city of New York as in other parts of the country, is obvious enough. The Common Council may possibly pay the $300 for poor men who are drafted; though the right of the city to do so is doubted by many, and the disbursement of the money would inevitably give rise to gross frauds. But with this the Government has nothing to do. It is the business of the Government, in the first place, to carry out the laws, in New York as elsewhere; and secondly, to preserve the Union, which can not be done without a draft to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. There are many ways in which mechanics and laborers can, by combining together, insure each other against the draft without breaking the laws. If they choose to proceed thus they will have the aid of every man who has money to spare. But if there is to be any more burning and sacking of houses, and murdering of negroes—any more attempts to set up the populace of New York above the law—the consequences will be so terrible that mothers will relate the tale to their children with a shudder for years and years to come.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE PEOPLE."

During the raging of the riot there was a constant attempt upon the part of certain newspapers to represent the rioters as "the people." The heading of one of the earliest bulletins of the proceedings of the riot which was burning and sacking the property of private citizens and buildings of public charity, was "Procession of the People!" The firing upon the furious crowd who were hunting and hanging inoffensive persons of an unfortunate race, was deliberately called "Attack upon the People by the Provost Guard!" The military were reported elsewhere to be "firing on the people." The riot was called a "popular uprising"—"a movement of the people." Who, then, are the people? In this country what class of citizens is to be especially described as "the people?"

The police were most active, heroic, and successful in their assaults upon the mob. Do the men of the police force in this country cease to be a part of "the people," because they aid in enforcing the laws which are constitutionally made? Are they any less part of "the people" than the men who resist those laws with fire, pillage, slaughter, and anarchy? The soldiers did their work well. They fired upon "the people," did they? But who are the soldiers of the United States? Are General Wool, or General Brown, or Colonel Lefferts, or O'Brien, or Major Fearing, or Lieutenant Adams, or any private who stands ready to maintain the laws made under the Constitution, any less citizens of the United States than Andrews and Martin Moran? Are the men who beat helpless negroes to death, and ravage defenseless houses for pillage "the people," while those who defend order, law, and humanity are not? Will these papers please to say whether a body of persons establishes its claim to be called "the people" of this city, or of this country, by overthrowing every barrier of order and civil society, and abandoning itself to the most wanton and incredible cruelty? Does a citizen cease to be one of "the people" because he respects the laws?

Not a man shot dead in his riotous career during the terrible week in this city was any more one of "the people" than the soldier who righteously shot him or the policeman who justly broke his head. If such scenes as those of the riot week are the acts of "the people," then the most savage hatred of popular institutions ever expressed is the most humane and sensible view of them. If our Government is one of "the people," and the mob that ruled part of the city of New York for part of a week is indeed "the people," then any man who does not prefer the reign of one Nero to that of a thousand Neroes is insane. If the Government at Washington is, as the Copperhead orators and journals constantly declare, "a despotism," and the riots were, as the same authorities declare, the acts of "the people," no sensible man would long hesitate in deciding which despotism he preferred.

But, in truth, the term "the people," as descriptive of the rioters, was used by those who either feared the mob or who wished to pander to it. It was a convenient term to use while the issue was doubtful. For if the disturbance grew—if from a riot in the city it had become an organized insurrection through the country to compel peace, he is a poor student of human nature and of the public press who does not know that the papers which began by faintly deprecating the riot as a "popular opposition to the draft" would have ended by loudly supporting the insurrectionary resistance to the war. It is with this mob as with the rebellion. Those who half justify it are its most valuable friends, and of necessity the enemies of the Government and the laws. While to call the riotous and murderous resisters of laws constitutionally made "the people" is to borrow a phraseology from foreign countries and monarchical systems, where the government, the army, and the people are three permanently distinct classes, constantly jealous of each other. The word so used has no meaning with us. It is not the brutal, the ignorant, the reckless—it is not thieves, incendiaries, and assassins who are distinctively "the people" of this country. But the great mass of the population, generally intelligent and industrious, from the laborer of yesterday who is the rich man of to-day to the laborer of to-day who is to-morrow the rich man—these are the true "bone and sinew"—these are indeed "The People" of the United States.

THE OLD STORY.

The stain of the late riots on the history of the city of New York is indelible. The utter meanness of the hunting and bloody massacre of the most unfortunate class of the population is not to be forgotten. The burning of an orphan asylum is infamous beyond parallel in the annals of mobs. And how entirely undeserved this mad hatred of the colored race is, every sober man in this country knows. No class among us are and have been so foully treated as the black, yet none furnishes, in proportion, so few offenders against the laws. Proverbially a mild, affectionate, and docile people, they have received from us, who claim to be a superior race, a treatment which of itself disproves our superiority.

How the more intelligent persons among the enemies of this race console their consciences under the awful fate which their incessant and sneering depreciation of the colored people has at last brought upon those unfortunates, it is impossible to say. Yet we observe that some of them clutch at the old subterfuge, and declare that it is the unwise attempt to elevate the blacks "above their sphere" which is responsible for their late fearful martyrdom. Look at this statement a moment. Its argument is that to insist upon personal liberty, as the natural right of every innocent human being, only tends to create jealousy among other human beings. To state the argument is to smother it in ridicule.

Put in another form, the same plea is that God has made the black race subservient to the white, and that to declare their right to personal liberty is to advocate their social equality, to erect them into rival laborers, and to disorganize society. The reply to this is, that God has made the black race subservient to the white in the same way that he has made Jews subservient to Christians, and the Irish to the English, and in no other. It used to please Christians to call the Jews "dogs," and to injure and murder them in every way—and to this day to call a man "Jew" is only less offensive than to call him "nigger." It used to please the English to consider the Irish unclean beasts, and to treat them accordingly. Does any body seriously defend this kind of persecution as any thing more than the basest and most criminal prejudice? Coleridge professed the same instinctive hatred of a Frenchman that so many among us profess of a negro. Was it an evidence of Coleridge's wisdom or folly?

The argument we are considering amounts to this—that you must not befriend the unfortunate lest you provoke the ignorant and brutal; you must not defend the rights of the oppressed lest the oppressors should wax wroth. It is an argument for tyrants, cowards, and sneaks—not for men.

AN OPEN LETTER.

My dear Friend,—You are a German and a Jew, and you have come to make your living in a foreign land, of which Christianity is the professed religion. You have no native, no political, no religious sympathy with this country. You are here solely to make money, and your only wish is to make money as fast as possible. You neither know our history nor understand our Government; but, believing that all men are selfish and mean, nothing is absurder to your mind than the American doctrine of popular government based upon equal rights.

This being the case with you and thousands like you, you are inevitably a Secessionist, a Copperhead, and a Rebel. But why deceive yourself, since you deceive nobody else? Your opinion is of no value, because you neither know nor care any thing about the subjects upon which you pronounce. If things can be kept quiet by agreeing to dissolve the Union and to destroy the Government, you are for that course. And you are the enemy of all who will risk war to save the nation. If quiet can be preserved by massacring the negroes, amen: you want money, and money requires quiet. If things can be kept still by slaughtering Irishmen, you cheerfully agree, for you think that of the two races they are the less docile. If peace can be preserved by proclaiming Jeff Davis as President, by forming four Governments, by each State setting up for itself—in God's name, cry you, let it be done. You want money. Government, except so far as it shoots mobs and hangs the people whom the mob hates, and who are therefore called the authors of the mob—the security of personal rights—laws founded upon justice—popular intelligence and progress—these, in your estimation, are foolish fancies and idle twaddle. If you can have a fine house, and horses, and servants, and fifty thousand dollars a year, you have what you want, and all the rest is moonshine.

Do you not see, my dear friend, that in the eyes of every loyal American citizen, who is equally anxious with you to thrive and make money—who wishes equally with you that there shall be peace, because peace is essential to trade—but who knows that there is and can be no permanent peace in this country, except that which is based upon common justice, and who is firmly persuaded that if all the conservatism in the world agrees that twice two make three, they do still make four; in the eyes of such a citizen, my dear friend, do you not see what a ludicrous and contemptible spectacle you are? You are the material out of which despotisms are made. It is upon such people as you that the King of Prussia counts when he deliberately destroys the constitutional rights of his subjects. And whatever in this country is despotic, mean, and repugnant to the great and fundamental democratic doctrine of equal rights before the law, receives your hearty sympathy and support. The country you left did not regret your coming away: the country in which you trade will not mourn your departure.

Yours, with all the respect possible,
The Lounger.

BLARNEY.

When Archbishop Hughes, in his card of invitation, spoke of those who were "called rioters," or in his speech itself mentioned the "so-called rioters," did he mean that the proceedings of the week were *not* riotous, and that people who burn, steal, and massacre with the fury of brutes are *not* rioters, but are improperly so-called? If the events of the third week of July in New York were not riotous, then there is no such thing as a riot. If the raging crowds, pillaging and devastating, were not mobs, then there is no such thing as a mob.

Why was the Prelate so anxious to avoid calling things by their right names? If it were proper for him to call the honored editor of a leading journal, and one of the most illustrious of living Americans, "a liar," could it have been so very improper for his Grace to call men who, without the slightest pretense of excuse, burn an orphan asylum and slaughter innocent passengers upon the street, "rioters?" It was nothing to the purpose to say that they did not look like rioters; for he invited the persons, so called by the papers, to come to his house, and those persons were they who had burned and murdered innocent people and defenseless asylums. The Archbishop, therefore, was speaking to those and to no others.

His Master, as we read, the Prince of Peace, healed the wound his follower had made, and bade him put up his sword. He also told the money-changers that they had turned his Father's house into a den of thieves, and he scourged them out of it. These were slight offenses compared with the crimes with which the "so-called rioters" in this city were reeking. But through all the long speech of the Archbishop we look in vain for the tone of indignant reproof, or the plain command of Jesus. My most sweet good masters, he says in effect, if indeed you have been naughty—and I am sure you do not look as if you were so—please be good boys, or you will make me feel very unpleasantly. I am sure you will be good, because your countrymen have always been the most innocent of babes. Go home, then, like good children—Amen!

Of the Archbishop's fair intention there need be no doubt. He does not wish his Church to bear the terrible burden of the responsibility of the riot, and as a good citizen he wished the mob put down. But if he had no other means of promoting the public peace than hesitating whether to call rioters gentlemen, and refraining from all condemnation of the infamous crimes which, according to the terms of his invitation, his audience had committed, then it is a great sorrow for every loyal citizen that the Catholic Bishop of New York is not a man who can speak with power, since it is certainly desirable that he should speak at such a time. If, instead of palliating, and parleying, and blarneying, he had depicted to the rioters the enormity of their action, and bade them, with all the conscious authority of his position, and in the name of God and the Government, to stop, the moment would have been the grandest of his life. To say that such a tone would have exasperated the mob is idle. To cringe to a riot is to betray the cause of good order. Therefore, if you can not command it, say nothing. No mob was ever blarneyed down. Except for the true and tried soldiers, and the batteries in position in the city, the well-meant blandishments of the prelate would have been as a few drops of sweet oil to arrest Niagara.

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

BY the light of the burning Orphan Asylum we read the following illustration of the hopeless inferiority and degradation of the African race.

Mungo Park, in the year 1795, traveled in Africa to find the source of the Niger, if possible, and to explore the hidden interior of the continent. One morning he had reached almost the furthest point of his journey. He was entirely alone, for his faithful servant had been stolen for a slave by a Moorish prince. Solitary and sad he was directed to a village—and he continues: "I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree, and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman returning from the labors of the field stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed toward a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared and the rains fell.—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus:* Let us pity the white man: no mother has he,' etc., etc. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes."

This was the hospitality of black barbarians in the interior of Africa to a civilized stranger of another color on the 21st of July, 1795. On the 13th of July, 1863, white civilization in the great city of America repaid the debt.

"OUR OWN."

MR. CHARLES MACKAY is an English verse-writer, and the author of the rub-a-dub song called "A good time coming." Some half dozen or more years ago he came to this country to deliver lectures upon English poetry. His manager was "Colonel" Hiram Fuller, not unknown in the city of New York and elsewhere. Mr. Mackay's introductions were to literary circles in this country, by which he was kindly received. But the public were obstinately deaf to the charming of his lectures. They were described by those who heard them as the most appallingly dull performances of which the oldest auditor had any experience. The "Colonel" carried him through the land, but every where the verdict was the same, and his lecturing tour was a melancholy failure. But through all the disappointment and chagrin it is possible to imagine the baffled author grimly humming:

"There's a good time
coming, Charles,
A good time coming."

And it has come. He is taking exquisite revenge for all his wrongs. Mr. Mackay arrived again last year, and proceeded to settle his account with this country by writing weekly letters to the London *Times*. He gloats over our misfortunes. His pen reels and trips along the paper as he describes our war and our overthrow. He evidently regards this civil war as but a proper retribution for a nation which would not stand his lectures. He glories over every defeat and disaster of the national cause, and one could imagine the gentle bard in the full delight of conscious vengeance, scribbling his columns of Copperhead news for the London *Times*, and humming as his pen flew and flashed along the page, and he foresaw with British eyes our commercial ruin:

"There's a good time coming, John,
A good time coming."

His latest letter, dated June 26, on the eve of Lee's defeat and retreat, of the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with the opening of the Mississippi, and the capture of immense forces, and arms, and stores, and the dispersion of the rebellion in the Southwest, and of the total disappearance of Bragg before the triumphant advance of Rosecrans, contains such rollicking passages as these, "The belief that * * the South will indubitably achieve its independence, and that it is better for all parties that it should do so without further bloodshed, spread rapidly from the lower grades of the working classes upward until it has pervaded the whole mass of society except the contractors, the preachers, and the newspaper editors * * In fact, the Federal Government seems to be tumbling into perdition."

Mr. Charles Mackay's fiction is much livelier than his lectures and more imaginative than his verses; and the quality and quantity of his performances of this kind in the London *Times* only show what deep and direful vengeance he has sworn against us. For it includes two nations. He elaborates these columns of sneering misrepresentation and abuse of this country and its condition, and John Bull gravely reads it and believes it. What a scolding we should have saved ourselves if we had only gone to Mr. Mackay's lectures!

SONG OF THE BORDER.

A FRIEND in Maryland, whose "heart is with the Union," sends the Lounger the following song:

AIR—*Bonnie Dundee.*

To the heart of the nation the booming guns spoke,
While the true flag went down in the fire and the smoke;
And the grim walls of Sumter yet echoed the fray
When the loyalists rushed where the Stars led the way.
Chorus.—Then fight for the Stripes, boys, and fight for the Stars!
Confounded be treason! torn down be the Bars!
Let foul traitors tremble, and rebels grow pale,
As the Banner of Union floats out on the gale!

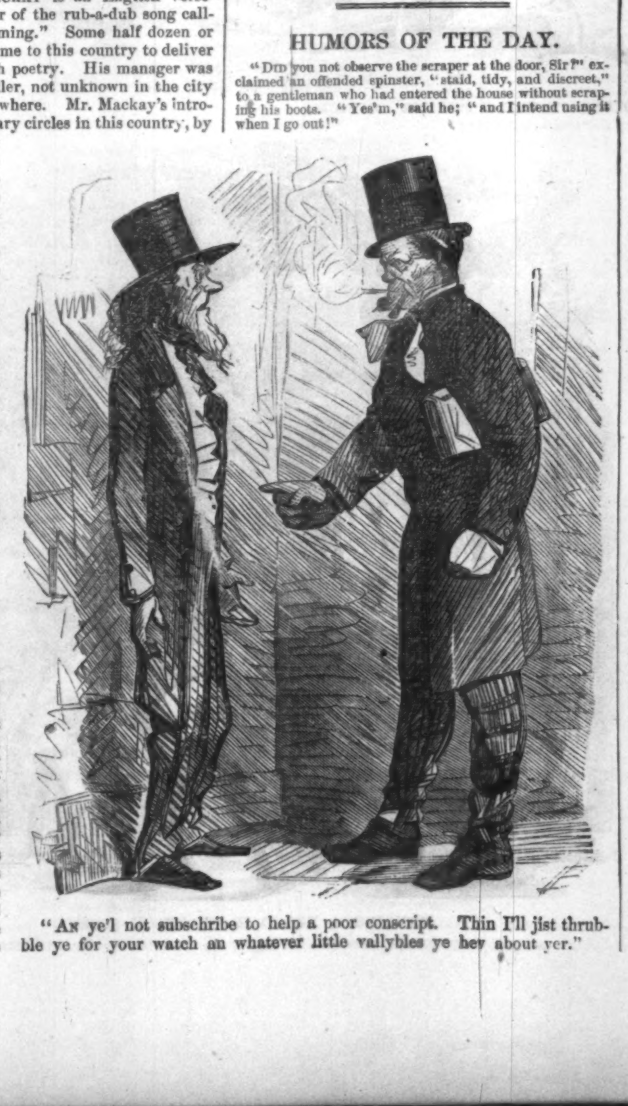
Though the land of the cypress its Vandals sends forth,
They are met in the path by the hosts of the North:
Toward the troopers that spring from the cotton-banked stream,
With the fires of just vengeance our bayonets gleam.
Chorus.—Then fight, etc.

They may flaunt in the breeze their famed rattlesnake flag;
They may sneer at the Banner, and call it a rag;
But by all we hold sacred, above or below,
We solemnly swear that their flag shall lie low!
Chorus.—Then fight, etc.

They may boast of their chivalry, boast of their blood;
We stand by our fathers' faith, bow but to God:
Let them come in their pride; they shall grievously feel
The firmness and keenness of loyalists' steel.
Chorus.—Then free let the Stripes wave, bright shine the Stars!
Confounded be treason! despised be the Bars!
The false hearts of rebels shall falter and quail,
As the Banner of Union floats out on the gale.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"DID you not observe the scraper at the door, Sir?" exclaimed an offended spinster, "staid, tidy, and discreet," to a gentleman who had entered the house without scraping his boots. "Yes'm," said he; "and I intend using it when I go out!"



"AN ye'l not subscribe to help a poor conscript. Thin I'll jist thrubble ye for your watch an whatever little vallybles ye hev about yer."

THE SOUTHERN REBELS' EMBASSADORS TO PARIS AND LONDON.

SLIDELL SENT TO PARIS.

"Is cotton king?" The Emperor's mind to feel,
They shrewdly send to Paris a *sly de'il;*
And, as a slight disguise may do as well,
Their missionary has the name *Slidell.*
As slight a change gives us his Master's name-
Jeff Davis and *old Davy* much the same!

MASON SENT TO LONDON.

To England, where their nobles poorly pay
The toil that makes their wealth from day to day,
They send a Mason, who can build each hall
By endless toil of men *not paid at all!*
As teaching Britons morals does he come,
Virginia his native State and home,
So call'd from England's honor'd Virgin Queen
By error, all the future unforeseen?
Alas, 'tis by that name the truth's o'erthrown,
For *there* a colored *virgin* ne'er was known;
Each planter makes his *children* slaves, 'tis true,
A horrid color'd crop that meets the view!
He lashes them to toil, or bids to sell—
A picture of 'Free State" design'd in hell!

A GREEN OLD AGE.—A statistician, writing in a weekly paper, says: "In grinding grain and making flour, one man can do one hundred and fifty times more work than he could perform a century ago." We should rather have supposed that "one man" who could have performed any kind of work a century ago, when he must have been comparatively young and strong, could hardly get through so much more now that he figures in the character of a centenarian.

A young lady, whose name was Mayden, having married a man named Mudd, gave rise to the following:

"Lot's wife, 'tis said, in days of old,
For one rebellious fault,
Was turned, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.
The same propensity of change
Still keeps in woman's blood,
For here we see a case as strong—
A *Mayden* turned to *Mudd!*"

Two tourists observing a pretty girl in a milliner's shop, one of them proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon in order to get a nearer view of her. "Hoot, mon," said his northern friend, "there's nae occasion to waste siller. Let us gang in and speer if she can gie us twa sixpences for a shilling."

It is asserted that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliopole declined with a shake of the head saying, "My dear Sir, we have too many *treatises on our hands already.*"

When the press-gang was patrolling London they laid hold of a well-dressed man, who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be pressed. "Why," said a sailor, "you're the very man we want, for we've pressed a number of blackguards, and want a gentleman to teach them manners."

A Dutchman, summoned to identify a stolen hog, being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, replied, "Te only ear-mark dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

EPITAPH.

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "Jam satis;"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis.

When you see a dwarf you may take it for granted that his parents never *made much of him.*

An Irishman, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life only fifteen survived it.

Man may be said to be going to destruction apace when he abandons any sober *walk* of life for the de-*canter*.

Said a thief to a wit, "There's no knowing one's friends
Until they've been tried and found steady."
Said the wit to the thief, "All yours, I presume,
Have been tried and found guilty already."

The individual who "stood upon his own responsibility" is to be indicted for infanticide.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

NEW PROVERB.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

LABOR LOST.—An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum.

A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet stream wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of *faith.* While she was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration she exclaimed—

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is *faith,*" said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she quired—

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why do young ladies in love like the circus?
Because they have an itching for the ring.

What letter in the alphabet is necessary to make a shoe?
The last.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

A CAVALRY reconnoissance went out to Front Royal on 20th. Our whole force is now across the river. The rear-guard of General Lee's army left Martinsburg at two o'clock on the morning of 18th, a few cavalrymen picketing the other side of the Potomac. The river is falling rapidly. General Lee is retreating his main force by Strasburg and Staunton, not by Culpepper as was supposed. General Meade is said to be in hot pursuit.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AT WORK.

Rosecrans is doing finely with his army, driving the rebels before him. Dispatches from Memphis, dated on the 17th, say that General Hurlbut's scouts had just arrived at Corinth, from Decatur and Jacksonville. They report that Bragg was retreating precipitately into Georgia, followed by Rosecrans's forces. General Rosecrans's advance was reported to be at Rome, Georgia.

THE FALL OF PORT HUDSON.

The particulars of the fall of Port Hudson have reached us by way of New Orleans. It appears that General Gardner, on the 8th inst., sent out a flag of truce asking for terms of capitulation. General Banks replied that he [illegible]ner twenty-four hours to consider the matter. At seven o'clock A.M. on the 9th the terms were complied with, and our troops took possession. The moment the surrender was completed the rebels sent a request for six thousand rations, as they had eaten their last mule—which was found to be literally true. The trophies are five thousand prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery, and small-arms in proportion. The loyal citizens of New Orleans had a torch-light procession and general jubilation on the night of the 11th.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

General Gilmore informs the War Department that up to the 12th instant he had captured the whole of Morris Island, with the exception of about a mile of the north end, on which were Fort Wagner and the Cummings Point battery, mounting fourteen or fifteen heavy guns. On the morning of the 11th an attempt was made to carry Fort Wagner by assault, but it failed. Our losses had been about 150 killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss would not fall short of 200. We had captured eleven pieces of heavy ordnance and a large quantity of camp equipage. After the failure of the attack on Fort Wagner, which was caused by the hesitation of the supports of the storming party after the parapet was gained, General Gilmore commenced engineering approaches, and it was expected that it would soon be captured. All the fortifications on James Island, as far as Secessionville, were also in our possession. During the operations a rebel steamer attempted to land reinforcements on Morris Island, but she was driven off and destroyed by our gun-boats, the troops on board barely escaping. The attack was renewed on 17th.

MORGAN'S RAID.

The rebel General Morgan is faring badly with his raid into Ohio. On 18th his forces were overtaken near Pomeroy by Generals Hobson and Judah, who had formed a junction. Morgan, finding himself in close quarters, and learning that the ford at Buffington Island was well guarded, broke up his band into small squads in order to escape. One squad, with six pieces of artillery, made for the crossing at Buffington. Our gun-boats drove them back, with the loss of one hundred and fifty killed and drowned. Our cavalry charged and captured the battery, killing a number of the rebels. Colonels Wolford and Shackleford succeeded in capturing one lot of five hundred and seventy-five, and another of two hundred and seventy-five, besides numerous squads. On 20th General Shackleford and Colonel Wolford chased the enemy for fifty miles, and at three o'clock sent a flag of truce demanding a surrender. After a consultation of forty minutes Colonel Coleman, on behalf of the rebels, surrendered. Morgan, with a small squad, contrived to escape; but our troops are in pursuit, and hope to catch him.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

Rebel accounts of the late expedition of General Sherman's corps against Jackson, Mississippi, show that the fighting was terrific, that the city was partially destroyed by the shelling from our batteries, and that the loss on both sides was very severe. General Osterhaus, one of our finest cavalry generals, is reported to have been killed by a cannon-shot on the 12th inst., and that his body was met by one of General Pemberton's staff on its way to Vicksburg. The news of this conflict is contained in dispatches from Jackson to the papers of Mobile, Montgomery, Augusta, and to the Richmond *Enquirer*. They comprise information from the scene of action from July 10th to the 13th. On the latter date it is stated, in the dispatch to Richmond, that "the enemy made a heavy demonstration on our right and centre this afternoon; but Walker's and Loring's divisions repulsed them handsomely. The artillery fire was incessant, and our batteries replied gun for gun. The enemy sought shelter in the woods. Heavy reinforcements for Grant continue to arrive, who are pressed on our right for the purpose of crossing Pearl River above and flanking us. The enemy are planting siege-guns on their redoubts. It is supposed that to-morrow the remainder of Jackson will be burned."

On the previous evening our troops were shelling the city tremendously.

CAPTURE OF YAZOO CITY.

Yazoo City, which was held by about eight hundred rebels, was captured by the Union troops under General Herron on the 13th. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were captured. The gun-boat *DeKalb*, which accompanied the expedition, was blown up by torpedoes and sunk in shallow water, but no lives were lost. The rebels burned three transports lying above the city, and some eight or ten large steamers up the Yazoo.

A CAVALRY FIGHT.

An obstinate fight took place on 17th, between Shepherdstown and Martinsburg, between the cavalry of General Gregg and the whole force of General Stuart, upward of ten thousand strong, who are protecting the rear of Lee's forces. The conflict lasted several hours, with heavy loss on both sides, our troops holding their ground heroically. It is said that General Gregg was for six hours cut off from communication with the main army, but that he finally relieved himself, and, in a gallant charge, capturing a number of prisoners, three stands of colors, and four pieces of artillery.

A REBEL CONSCRIPTION.

Jeff Davis has issued a call for every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five at once to repair to the conscript camps.

NORTH CAROLINA WAVERING.

The tone of the newspapers, as well as the testimony from various quarters, all indicate that North Carolina is about tired of rebellion, and would gladly proffer her allegiance to the old flag.

REBEL GROANS.

The Richmond papers are terribly doleful over the recent disasters. The *Enquirer* says: "The fall of Vicksburg, the retreat of Bragg, the repulse of Lee, and the advance on Charleston, are all serious disasters—the most serious that have attended our arms since the beginning of the war."

REBEL VIEW OF OUR RIOTS.

The news of the New York disturbances had reached Richmond, and the papers are exultant over it. They hail them as the beginning of a great Northern revolution, styling it a "good work" and "an excellent outbreak."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

THE American question is being widely discussed, both by the papers and in Parliament. Lord Palmerston requested Mr. Roebuck to drop discussion on the question of the recognition of the South, as it was not desirable to resume it, or to bind the Government to pledge themselves as to future action. Roebuck postponed his answer till the 13th, but thought a better answer than his would be heard before that day.

ANOTHER ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE.

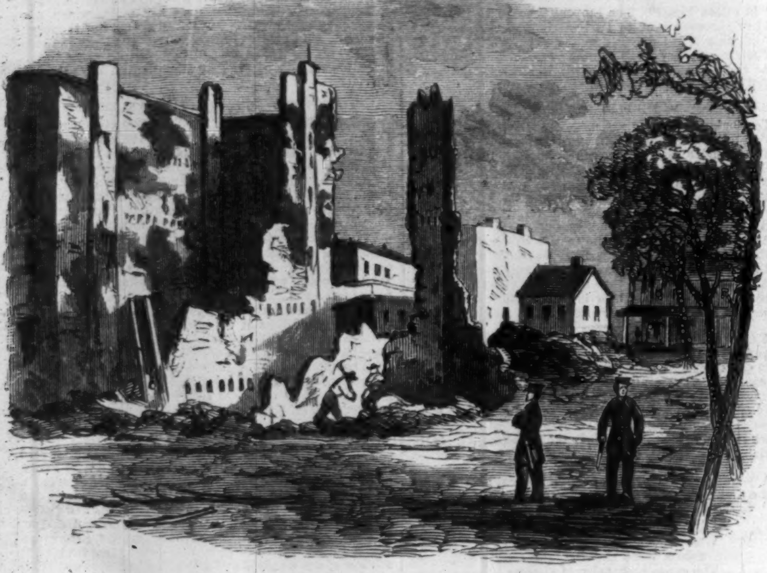
The rebel steamer *Gibraltar*, late the *Sumter*, has sailed from Liverpool for Nassau, N. P. She had been well repaired and strengthened, and took out the "monster guns" which caused her late temporary detention by the English authorities. It was thought that she would resume her operations as a rebel privateer.

POLAND.

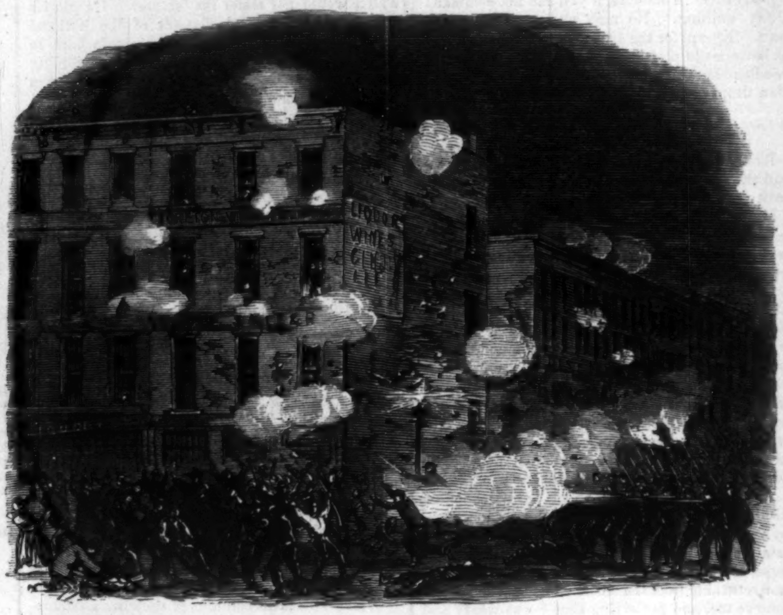
PROGRESS OF DIPLOMACY.

The notes of the three allied powers on the subject of Poland have been laid before the Emperor of Russia, and are reported to be of a conciliatory character. The preparations for war continue in France and Russia. The expectation of immediate or speedy hostilities diminished daily. In connection with Poland Lord Palmerston replied in Parliament to Mr. Warner that England had made no prospective arrangements to fight for Poland, but that she would act as occasion required.

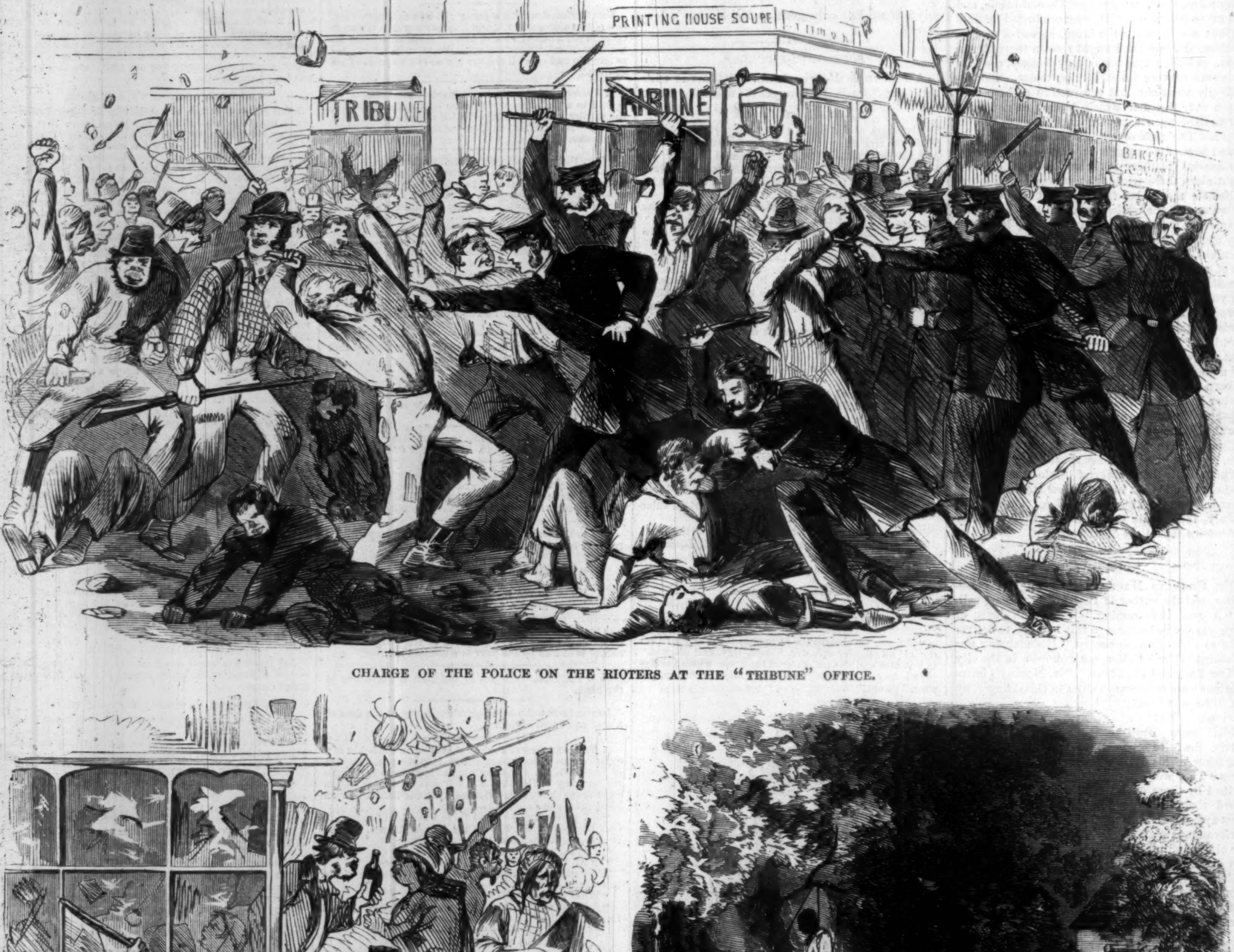
THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 494.]



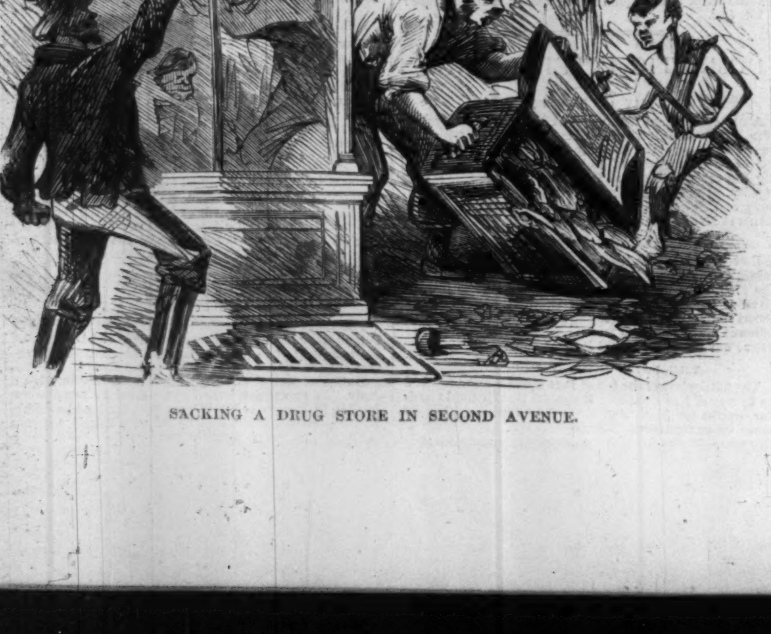
RUINS OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



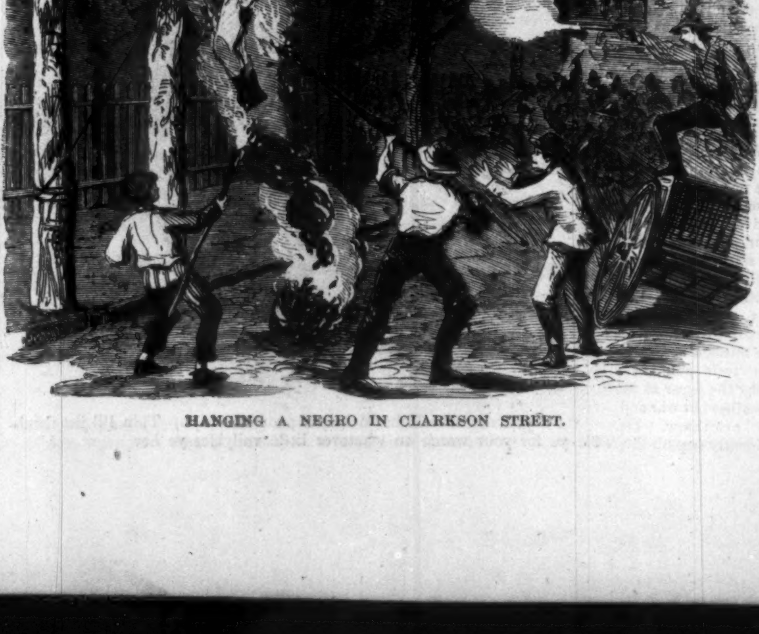
FIGHT BETWEEN RIOTERS AND MILITARY.


PRINTING HOUSE SQURE
TRIBUNE
TRIBUNE

CHARGE OF THE POLICE ON THE RIOTERS AT THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

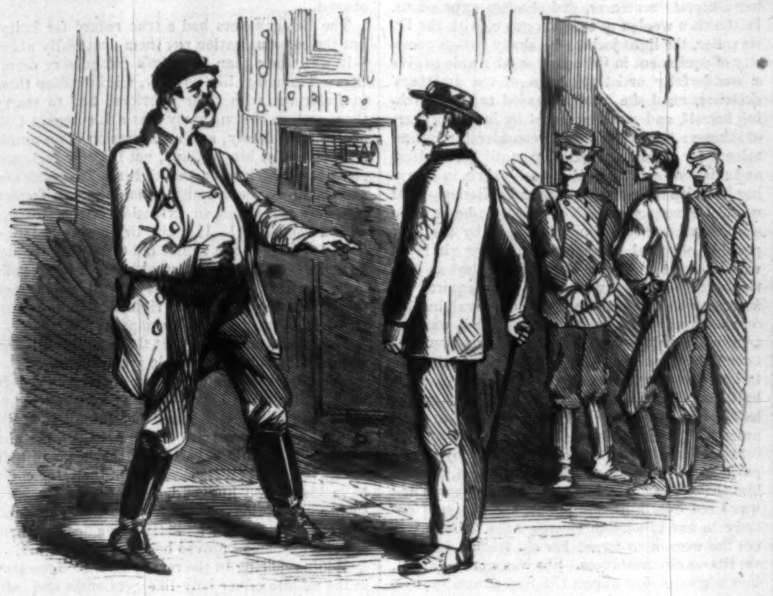


SACKING A DRUG STORE IN SECOND AVENUE.

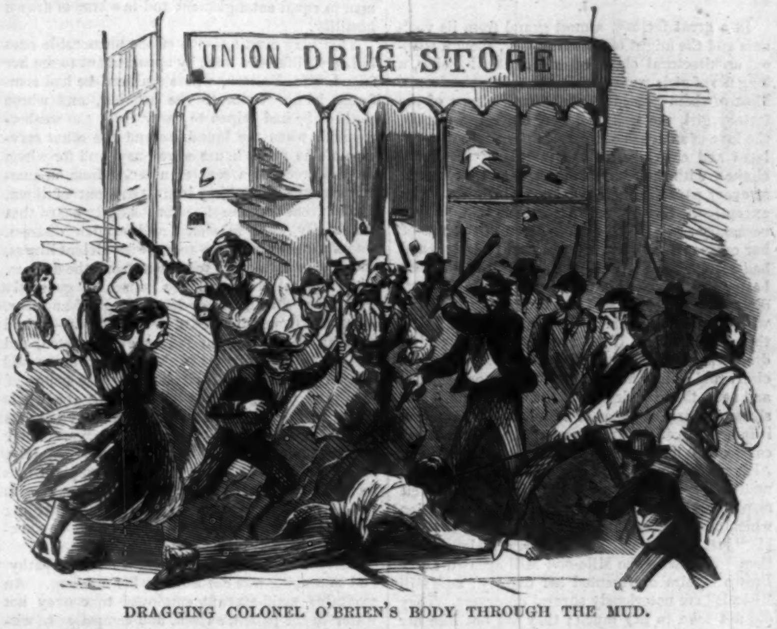


HANGING A NEGRO IN CLARKSON STREET.

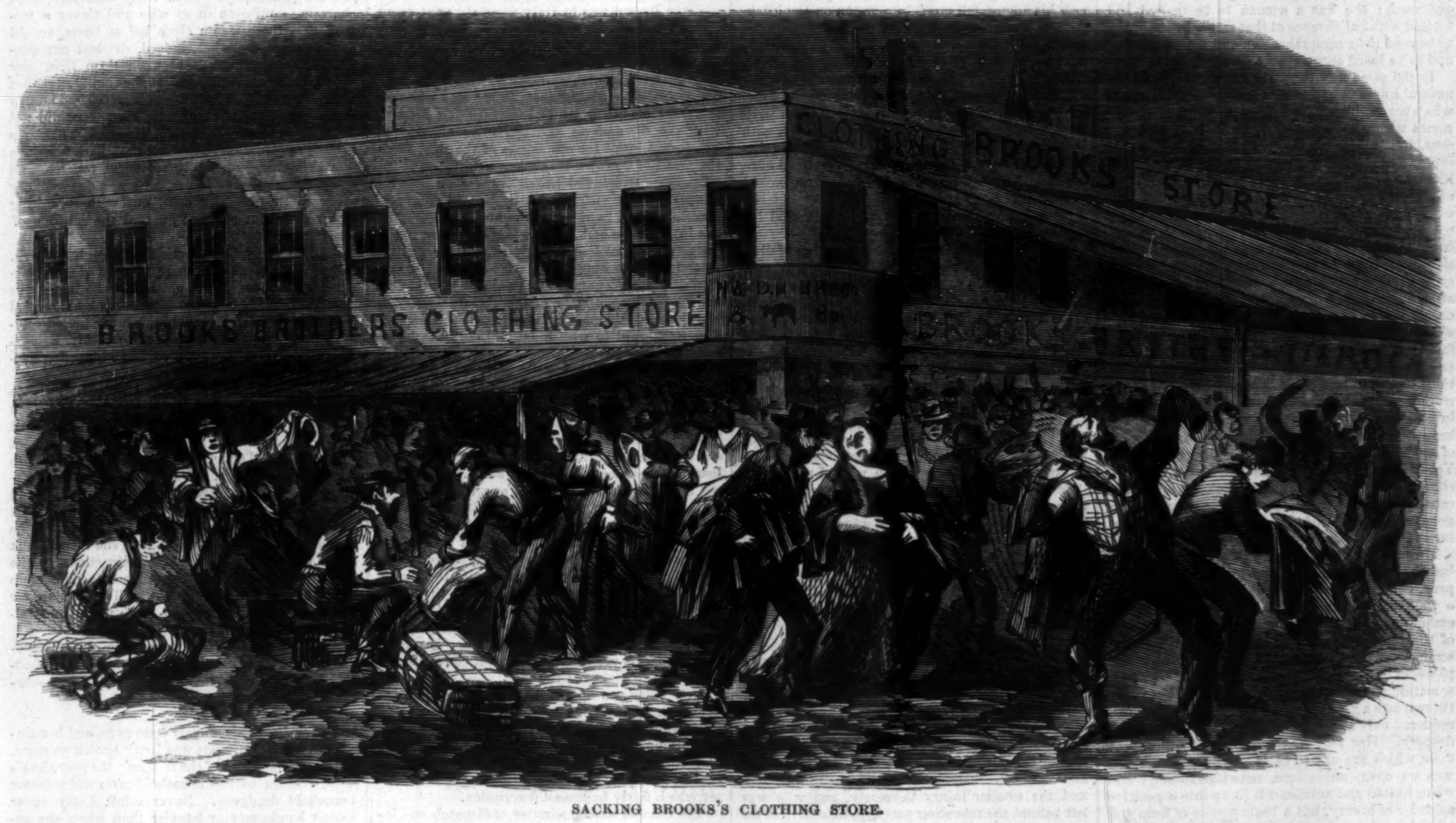
THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 494.]



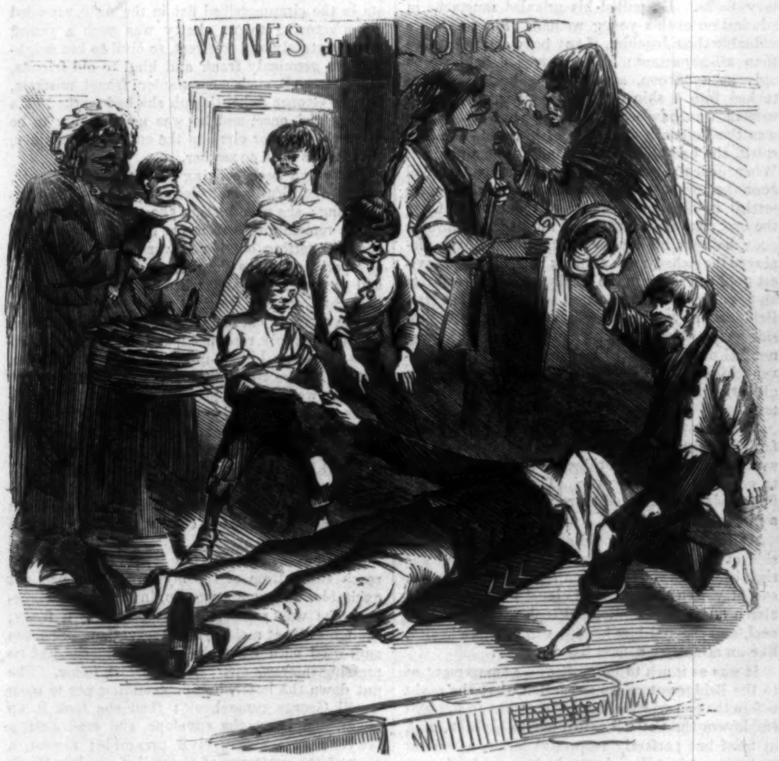
A GORILLA ON THE LOOSE.


UNION DRUG STORE

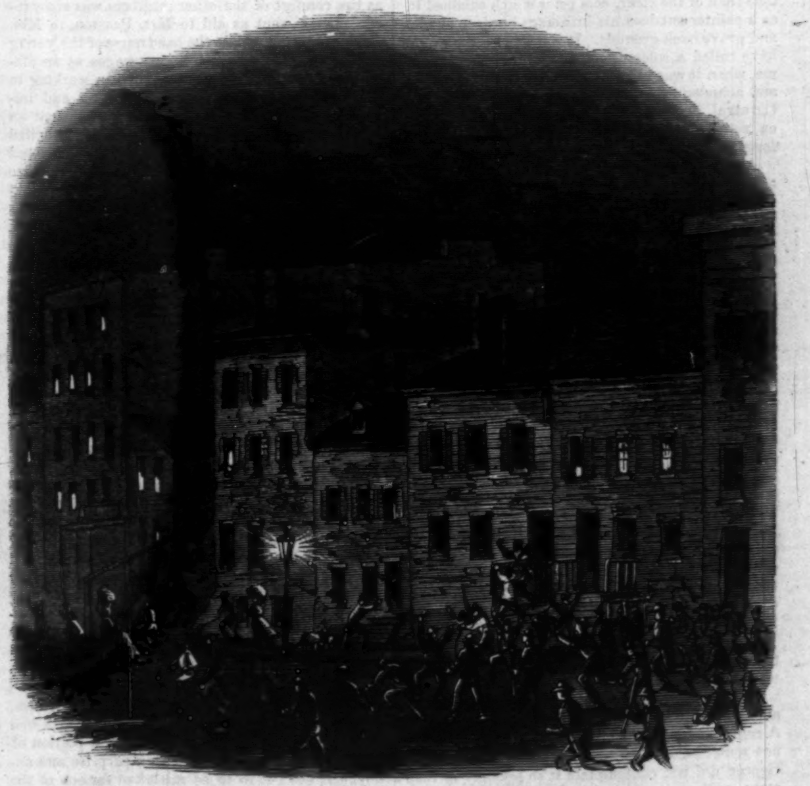
DRAGGING COLONEL O'BRIEN'S BODY THROUGH THE MUD.


CLOTHING
BROOKS
STORE
BROOKS BROTHERS CLOTHING STORE

SACKING BROOKS'S CLOTHING STORE.


WINES and LIQUOR

THE DEAD SERGEANT IN TWENTY-SECOND STREET.



NEGRO QUARTERS IN SULLIVAN STREET.

THE STRONG HEART.

I.

IN a great factory, almost grand from its vastness and the might of its machinery, though without architectural elegance or æsthetical design, a long file of girls were working at their noisy looms. Most of them presented the common type of the factory girl, the independence, the self-assertion, the love of snatches of finery in the shape of necklaces and ear-rings, in the middle of the dusty clothes, with their bursts of gossip and merriment at every pause in their routine. One girl was an exception. She worked in a corner, told off by a necessary angle of the building from the stands of her companions. She preferred that situation, and had selected it without opposition. She was not better dressed than her neighbors; she had the ordinary calico gown, and the cap with which the wise ones protected their heads from the fluff flying through the room. If there was any difference, her dress was more scrupulously clean, and more precisely and primly fitted, and pinned more smooth and neat, than the dresses of the other girls. But she was clearly a woman of a higher cast; you saw it in her turn of features, her expression, her intercourse with her fellow-workers and the manager. Although she was quite a young woman, and not unusually skilled in her trade, there was a tacit respect paid to her, that unconscious demonstration which often marks the difference between inevitable "just supremacy" and unwarrantable usurpation. No one in the Mile-end Mill accused Letty Brown of airs or resented her dignity: and mill "hands" are notoriously shrewd observers. They did not take to her much; they did not like her overmuch; she was a woman to be trusted and treated with indifference at that stage, by the many as beyond their comprehension and their instincts, and to be loved engrossingly by the few.

In the same way there are characters which by natural impulse, as flowers turn to the sun, turn to whatever of higher intelligence and refinement comes within their reach. It is not respect of persons, it is at the antipodes from sycophancy and snobbishness—it is simply the like drawing to the like, the magnetism between whatever is brighter and higher in our humanity. So Letty's friends were often distinguished in one way or another, not by any means always in rank, for she numbered them in the work-house and the hospital, but they were more or less geniuses in their several orders. One was a poor politician, one a runner after tiny emerald mosses with their brown fairy cups. Letty was taken notice of by no less a person than a clever, managing housekeeper in the family of a wealthy cotton lord; nay, Letty was engaged in marriage to a young man with education enough to be a clerk in the factory where she worked, and not only with such chance advantages in book-keeping, but with that intense love of the beautiful in all its shapes which belongs to some of the tenderest and most dependent of our race. Yet Letty was only the orphan daughter of a mechanic, who had been rather remarkable for his incapacity than for any thing else. She must have gone back to some distant ancestor for her faculties, because Letty was born a rising young woman.

I would like to show you Letty in the physique before she leaves the factory this night, as it happens, never to return. She is not a little sprite of a woman, as it is the fashion of the day to find embodiments of latent power. I suspect the size of the lantern has really nothing to do with the strength of the flame within. Letty was fair and pale—so fair and pale that there would have been something insipid about her person had it not been thrown into a grand mould. She was a big woman, rendered only slightly ungainly by her compressed drapery. Her face was one of those statuesque faces which are apt to be heavy in repose, but it was an open, noble face, notwithstanding; and when heated and animated it lit up into a positive splendor of beauty, but a beauty more of form and tone than of the clear, cool color which subdued it, as a painter subdues his brilliance by deep shades and grave back-grounds. It was what some would have called a solemn, cathedral face; yet believe me, when it was blithe, it was with an exuberance and abandonment of gladness, like Rome at the Carnival, and as your stern, good persons laugh, on rare occasions, with a pure sweet passion of laughter.

Above Letty Brown's loom was the instance of a pleasant fashion, which belongs more to country than to town mills—a bunch of hawthorn, such as those with which old country wives used to fill their grates, was still pearly and almond-scented in the dim, loaded air which no ventilators and no open windows could entirely clear. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, Letty's loom showed such traces. Though she lived in a great town she was never without her supplies of holly, daffodils, roses, wall-flowers. *He* could not live without such fresheners of his existence, and he lavished them on Letty, who, in her native stateliness and peacefulness, loved them better than she would have done jewels. That night, at the ringing of the factory bell, Letty sorted her loom as she was wont, in her orderly fashion, and went out slowly and singly, lingering behind the riotous troops of her companions, in order to be joined by George Ashe. There he was, by her side, a slight lad, more youthful-looking than Letty, though he was her senior, with that ineffable air of refinement which some people confusedly call a genteel address, and with one of those bright and spiritual faces, set in soft, dark, curly hair, which we are driven to look on in a man with dim doubts and forebodings.

Letty no more dreamed that she would not return to the mill on the morrow than that she would wed George Ashe—an orphan like herself—offhand, without money laid by, taking on their furniture, and launching him at once on a muddy sea of debt. A common measure which Letty, with her abundant sense, held in horror—the more extreme that George did not contemplate it so severely or take steps against it so decisively. He had honest principles but extravagant habits for his station, though they were lovely, lovable habits at the same time, and the two struggled together within the man in equal entanglement and in a kind of drawn hostility.

That very evening—one of the memorable ones in Letty's life—she went by appointment to see her friend, Mrs. Peaston, whose scullion she had comforted in her visits to the hospital, and whose clothes she had helped to carry from the washer-woman's when the laundress and the other servants of the great house were busy, and for whom she had procured a sovereign recipe from an amateur chemist for taking iron stains out of linen. At the great house in the suburbs Letty heard that the family were in sharp and sudden distress. One of the sons had been seized with violent illness, and was under active treatment from the doctors, while his relatives and the household generally were struggling more or less with grief and fear. It was not from pure regard to the sufferer—he had been an ill-conditioned lad as ever existed, and cost his kindred sorrow and shame—but they would fain save him from perishing in those pangs of body and mind which were exciting the whole house, and casting down all the ordinary barriers of wealth and station, pride and reserve. Letty Brown would have gone away again immediately, seeing her visit had been paid at an unpropitious moment, but it went sorely against the grain with the girl to quit a scene of suffering; something might be needed from her—there might be something for her to do.

Letty lingered, full of stillness and sympathy, and something was needed from her ere long. An excitable maid-servant employed to convey hot water to the patient's room, and compelled to witness his agony, fell down in a swoon on the kitchen floor, and while her fellow-servants crowded round her to recover her, Letty carried up the next supply of water in the general confusion. A medical man was endeavoring to restrain the convulsions of the young man, and while he did so he caught Letty's eye—that rational, full, deep, well-set eye—as she stood on the threshold, and, with an imperative sign, he summoned her to his assistance. He kept Letty hours by the bed, until even her strength was deserting her. Just before he dismissed her he inquired curiously,

"Have you ever seen a case of this kind before?"

"No, Sir, never," answered Letty, thankfully.

"Invaluable young woman that," he observed, energetically, the moment she had left the room; "firm nerves, quick observation, a kind heart, takes a hint, develops a resource. Probably lost where she is," he continued, grudgingly. "Should like to tempt her to take service in my ward."

The words pierced the ears dulled and afflicted by poor Fred's frightful attack. "Who is she? How did a stranger come here at such a time? A protégée of Peaston's? Very indiscreet of Peaston. Providential, did you say? Peaston could not know that," spoke the woman's sentiment brokenly first; and the man's reason replied resolutely, "Never mind, my dear, you heard what the doctor remarked; engage her as a nurse for poor Fred if he is spared. Offer her any wages."

And Letty remained at the post which had presented itself to her. She would have done so without fee had none been forthcoming. She could please herself, and she was pleased and proud, with a womanly breadth of satisfaction and benevolence, that she could relieve the unhappy young man, though he was only a poor, stupid, vicious, wrecked sot of a gentleman, under the ghastly thunder-cloud of delirium tremens.

In a month from that date Letty Brown went abroad with the Bridgewaters, who, in ordinary, accommodating phrase, had taken a fancy to the superior mill girl, not as nurse to Mr. Fred, who was again partially restored to sense and action, and on his own hands, to the great loss to himself and the smaller injury to society, and who was left behind the traveling party, judiciously, as far as the comfort of the other members was concerned. Letty went as aid to Mrs. Peaston, to Mrs. Bridgewater's maid, to the head nurse of the young Bridgewaters. She got higher wages as an amphibious domestic than she could win working in the factory. She would see the world and improve herself, as the quiet young woman had an ardent desire to do, and her George was reconciled to the separation because he could trust her, and he was as proud that she should command these advantages as he was mortified that they should be got without his instrumentality, and not in his company.

II.

THE next time that we see Letty Brown is with other surroundings and under a different aspect. The Bridgewaters' tour had been protracted from months to years, and Letty had tasted a little of the bitterness of hope deferred; but that honorable purse of hers was always growing heavier, and that mind and heart of hers better instructed, and though George Ashe was too true not to want her back to him, he was compelled to submit to circumstances. If you were a light observer, you would scarcely know Letty Brown again—Miss Brown now—in her plain, tasteful, lady-like dress, acknowledged maid to the young ladies, and factotum to the housekeeper. In learning to dress her young mistresses' hair Letty had learned to dress her own—that pale brown hair without any of the red of the chestnut, a little too fair and cold, but which formed, for all you might know no better, so fitting a setting to the large, finely featured, tranquil, sweet face—Juno, without Juno's jealousies; Minerva, without the divine maid's pretensions; Deborah, who lived with her husband and judged Israel under the fig-tree; Lydia, who heard Paul lovingly and entertained him nobly. In continual association with harmony and elegance, the former intelligent, reverent, factory girl had inevitably imbibed and appropriated a portion of these qualities, until, to her own surprise and annoyance, she began to be mistaken for one of the daughters of the family she served. In daily and hourly conversation with educated people, and even in acquiring those soft Italian words, Letty had got rid of the worst part of her provincial dialect, her illiterate sentences, and obsolete expressions. In the thin woolen or cambric gown, with the little collar, the light jacket, the shady hat—a necessity of equipment in the sunny south; able to give a wonderfully artistic opinion of the amateurs' sketches, until she was persuaded to try sketching herself, and was fascinated by her own share of success; betraying naïvely considerable natural talents for music and painting, until her masters and mistresses discovered a fresh charm in carrying her with them to churches and galleries—what would George Ashe think of his sweet-heart when she was restored to him, "finished" by the only possible effectual education for a poor girl? It was likely he would be as much abashed as captivated; foolishly overvaluing her acquired information and polish; foolishly undervaluing his own original rough, uncut gifts. But it was certain what Letty would do in the relation that bound them, one of those wonderful, winning relations between the sexes, where George Ashe was half Letty Brown's sovereign, half her darling, half her husband, half her son; in the hour of reunion Letty would clasp George's hand and look into his face, and if there were nobody by to see, put her arm round his neck and kiss him, to show him that, though she had crossed the Channel and wandered over hills and plains, she had seen nobody to her mind like George Ashe. Letty was not the woman to forget her old friends from adventitious circumstances. She was sterling metal. You might as soon expect the deep stream to show an empty bed, or the day to return without its faithful, cheerful handmaid, the dawn.

Letty Brown was in Italy when the next event in her history occurred. The Bridgewaters were posting between Leghorn and Rome. They had just courteously added to their company a sensitive invalided Lieutenant-Colonel, with whom they had some little acquaintance, a poor man who was traveling for his health and excruciating himself with the discomforts and loneliness of his life. They were in all the exigencies of the road when their courier was suddenly taken from them, by an official mandate, in order to deliver evidence on an unusual act of violence which he had seen perpetrated, when he was traveling with the illustrious Inglese who had been his last employer. The judge concerned had cleverly caught the witness when he was passing through the town again, and would on no account let him go till he had told his story formally, in spite of the threats and complaints, and shamefaced donations of the other illustrious Inglese who must proceed; the latter would be driven into a fit of the spleen if he did not go forward, and yet it was certain he could not move without the hired escort and patronage of his ubiquitous, all-important Joachim.

The affair was not very formidable. The little posting town, with its gray gateway and gaudy shrine, where the arrest took place, afforded at least decent accommodation for a halt. There was not the most distant suspicion or apprehension of collusion, fraud, or pillage. "Per Bacco!" as Joachim swore, passionately, an English subject was safe in his own castle any where. It was only a temporary delay with its temporary discomforts, still it put these good Bridgwaters to their wit's end. They were good—so well-bred that they had little assumption, so upright as to have few suspicions; but I never said they were perfect, and one phase of refinement and amiability is almost as bad as a lie which has no legs—it can not stand alone.

How Letty ran up and down, how she spun out her stock of Italian, how she unroped boxes and unclasped cases, found this clothes-brush and that spirit-lamp, and soothed the disconsolate family and their more disconsolate satellites, who, of course, as a rule, copied their principals, is a matter which fairly baffles all description.

The Colonel was an admirer of dispatch and ingenuity; he had learned their benefit in his military shifts. He pulled his grizzled mustache in admiration of this young woman. She was more valuable than Joachim, if any body could be more than all-important; and whereas Joachim was ugly as a baboon, and like a galvanized figure tucked into a skin of brown leather, this young woman was handsome, was neat-handed—which was the Colonel's definition of graceful—she had spirit, she had ability, she was fit to be a general. When Joachim was free, and the travelers had gone their way, reached their destination, and were settled in different quarters of the Eternal City, the first time the Colonel had an attack of chronic ague he sent his landlady, who on holidays displayed the richest mass of black hair, and the heaviest gold ear-rings, in the locality, with his respects and apologies, and an earnest solicitation that Mrs. Bridgewater would spare him Miss Brown to preside over his soup and chocolate, to see that he was not poisoned, to read his *Times* to him, and prevent him going distracted with the half-foreign gibberish of the puppy who had undertaken the task.

The poor Colonel's unsophisticated petition afforded no little amusement even to these complaisant hearts, but Mrs. Bridgewater did not hesitate to comply with its prayer. The Colonel was an honorable old man, and there was no etiquette for a girl in Brown's rank.

As for Letty, she would as soon live on the one side of the giant dome as on the other, and she rightly judged the invitation a great compliment: so Letty went to the old Colonel's establishment above an artist's studio, and took care of the Colonel, and cheered him back to comparative health, like an attentive, deferential daughter.

It was as much to Letty Brown's amazement as to the Bridgewaters' consternation, that the night before that on which she was to return to her real employers the Colonel called her to his side, and, in brief but perfectly respectful terms, asked her to become his wife. Letty had no wish to consider her answer, but the Colonel insisted that she should take time to think over his proposal, and gave her liberty to submit it to her mistress, and I need not say the Colonel was accustomed to be obeyed.

The Bridgewaters had a true regard for Letty, but the communication put them dreadfully about—it was worse than Joachim's compulsory desertion. Traveling, like poverty, might induce them to fraternize with their inferiors; but to marry them—where the one party was a Lieutenant-Colonel of good family, and in possession of an ample fortune besides his pay, and, not till now reckoned more than crabbed, on the high road to craziness, and the other was a waiting-maid, born a factory girl—well, this was an extension of the suffrage with a vengeance! Had the Bridgewaters lent a hand to entangle the willful old Colonel in the net he had woven for himself, would not all his friends, from the nearest to the most distant, come upon the Bridgewaters in their righteous indignation, and demand unimaginable compensation?

My readers must feel that these affable Bridgewaters were in a disagreeable predicament.

Mrs. Bridgewater was never more relieved in her life than when Letty, blushing very much, but quite determinedly, declared her intention of declining, with her service and her thanks, the proposal which would have turned the heads of half the girls in Letty's line. Mrs. Bridgewater could have kissed and hugged her favorite on the spot, such a perception of propriety, so much moderation and consideration! Letty was a fine creature; moreover, she had proved herself a philosopher.

While rejoicing in the result, Mrs. Bridgewater, in the middle of her lady-like gentleness and softness, was very inquisitive to penetrate the origin of such philosophy. Then Letty confessed, with charming confusion in so wise and clever a woman, that there was a clerk lad at home, an old acquaintance, and that, indeed, she had not concealed the engagement between them from any deceit, Letty was troubled lest she should give that impression, but her friend Mrs. Peaston had known it all along, and for any one else Letty did not know how to speak of such things. That was Letty's explanation of the fact that, with her, love was as sacred and deeply rooted as religion, and one of Letty's young ladies, who was unavoidably privy to the incident, cried out with refreshing satisfaction that she had guessed the solution of Letty's riddle.

Mrs. Bridgewater, affectionate though she was, had very little pity to spare to the Colonel's disappointment—an absurd old man to be impetuous and heedless at his years—and he took his refusal coolly, after all; she saw him having his customary airing, and he sent and borrowed Mr. Bridgewater's *Galignani*, exactly as if nothing had happened.

Naturally Letty experienced deeper gratitude and more tender pity, the more clearly defined and unmixed because the Colonel, once satisfied of her calm, deliberate decision, did not attempt to shake it. Though Letty was true as steel to George Ashe—and it was not a distinguished half-martial, half-superannuated Colonel who could have moved her from her allegiance—her heart smote her when the old man's voice faltered as he bade her a courteous good-by, and she turned back again to give more emphatic instructions to the good-humored cook how her Colonel liked his lamb and salad, and to implore the gallant Italian, for her friendship, to serve with clock-work punctuality the meals of this generalissimo.

Afterward the episode faded from Letty's preoccupied heart and active life, and left only a shadowy incident—half-mirthful, half-melancholy—behind.

III.

LETTY BROWN's travels were over, and her single life with them. She was Letty Brown no more, but Letty Ashe, one of the million; the poor clerk's wife, with her narrow household cares and toilsome household drudgery. Never mind, Letty never looked handsomer or happier than when she arranged the scanty furniture, and made the markets in the circumscribed flat in the ugly, crowded manufacturing town. Letty was such a young wife, so stately and so sweet, so civil to her neighbors, so genuinely frank and kind to old friends, and, above all, such a companion, friend, mistress, lady to George Ashe, though she had worked as a factory girl once, and he was never likely to be more than a poor clerk to the end of the chapter, that it was good to see her.

Letty had been cooking her husband's dinner, and was skillfully and pleasantly beautifying his dwelling; she was dusting the cage with her turtle—a remembrance from the land of turtles—and she was setting out her flowers, cheap primroses and periwinkles, as she used to deck her old Mile-end factory loom, and with new, graceful ideas, brought from the fragrant myrtles and oleanders on the altars in old classic Roman lands, when the postman's knock resounded, and she received a letter—a London letter—not for Mrs. George Ashe, but for Lettice Brown.

Letty was a little puzzled as she read the address in an unfamiliar hand; she had no friend that she knew of in London but the Bridgewaters, and they not only were apprised of her marriage, but had loaded her with wedding-presents, useful and ornamental—the polished chiffonnier, the embroidered table-cover, the fanciful cake-basket (Letty would surely eat cake sometimes) were all from the Bridgewaters.

Letty did not open the letter instantly, and reach the bottom of the mystery. She was not excitable, this young woman, in her sound sagacity; she was rather slow at adopting a fancy, though swift at making an observation. She was engrossed with what she was about—she had no pressing interests apart from her own home. She put down the letter, half-determining not to open it till George came home; then she took it up again, and burst the envelope, and read, first, a lawyer's exceedingly civil preamble; second, a copy of the substance of the will of the late Hugh William Annesley, Lieutenant-Colonel in one of Her Majesty's dragoon regiments, devising and bequeathing to Lettice Brown, formerly of Moorfield (he had incidentally, as it were, asked her the name of her native place the very morning she took leave of him), the bulk of his fortune, and his house at Bayswater, with its plate and furniture. The testator stated that all his relations were distant in degree, and in affluent circumstances, and that he made this disposition of his property, he being in sound mind, as a proof of his respect and esteem for the said Lettice Brown, in further testimony of which he left the legacy without limitation or reservation, beyond the necessary legacy duty, which the lawyer took the opportunity to apprise her it was her business to pay.

Letty read the communication three times before she admitted the importance of its contents and laid them to heart; and the first thing she did after she knew that she was an heiress—a great heiress for Letty's antecedents—and that George Ashe was rich and able to lead a life of leisure, and indulge his tastes, was to sit down, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, making them wan in their paleness—and Letty seldom cried—and to pray God that He would enable her and her husband to bear their unexpected and unexampled prosperity. It was not that Letty was narrow-minded, or superstitious, or childish, and so incapable of comprehending riches, but because she fathomed not only their advantages and benefits, but their temptations and trials, both with judgment and sensibility; and the first abrupt contemplation overcame her, sitting there crying and shaking, half with pleasure, half with pain, trying to recall her stiff eccentric benefactor, trying to think of telling George, and of what he would feel and say. Letty was roused by her turtle, accustomed to leave his cage and fly to her shoulder, coming softly to his resting-place, and pressing his silver-gray and cinnamon-brown plumage against her wet cheek, and a touch of a common natural object is a great boon sometimes.

The exultation, the triumph, the delirium of pride and joy were all for George Ashe, when he arrived at last, and was gravely, almost diffidently, informed of the Aladdin's lamp that had been handed in at his door. It was not that George was mercenary, but he had all the vehement impulses which were calm in Letty. There was no end to his brilliant dreams. The poor Colonel's bank-notes and bonds might have had the lustre of Aladdin's charmed stones, the hard, glittering fruit of his unnatural, artificial trees; Bayswater might have been Paradise, considering how the simple fellow, with his poetic imagination, brought to bear on his prosaic luck plans regarding them. It took all the influence of Letty's controlling power to restrain him. She was not without fear at his fever, though it was not in her nature to show her fear. She was a woman who could be modestly silent alike in trepidation and mortification, in pain of body and anguish of mind.

"If I were you, George, I would go to the factory as usual," proposed Letty, earnestly. "People will not believe at first in our fortune; I can scarcely believe in it myself. There may be some obstacle yet of which we are not aware, though the lawyer speaks fair. It is silly to care too much for our neighbors' opinions; but I should not like them to say that we were lifted clean off our feet before we were sure of a higher perch, too," added Letty, with a faint smile, stroking her turtle.

This young woman had a wholesome regard for public opinion, and a tolerable aversion to ridicule. George Ashe had sufficient discretion to enable him to see the merit of Letty's counsel. He compelled himself to attend the factory and keep accounts, while he was exchanging momentous letters with the London lawyer, until Letty herself observed that the effort was so painful, and the oversights and blunders he committed so flagrant and absurd, that she herself freed him from the obligation before he was dismissed in disgust by his employers. Then he wandered about aimlessly, could not resist taking all sorts of people into his confidence, until the rumor spread to circles which had never heard of this humble young couple; then he built castles in the air and pulled them down again, overturned all their old domestic arrangements, and neglected their household rules, until Letty learned by experience that the early days of moneyed consequence are desultory and disagreeable.

But the correspondence with the lawyer was very plain sailing.

Colonel Annesley's will was undoubtedly formal and legal—not a question but the old soldier had died in his sound mind, and no opposition would be made by his cousins, whatever their private feelings. Mr. and Mrs. Ashe, whose most obedient servant the lawyer was, literally and figuratively had only to go up to London and take possession.

Letty drew a long breath; her husband was not ruined by a false expectation; now she might honestly accept the congratulations poured upon her by a crowd of strangers, suddenly and not insincerely grown friendly. Their hearts were warmed by the liberality of fortune to the Ashes: who knew but his and her turn might come next? Now Letty might make use of that letter of credit at the banker's, the responsibility of whose possession had impressed her so seriously; and Letty went out and was as foolish as any other dear woman, committed the enormity of buying a ten-pound shawl for herself and a flowing dressing-gown for George Ashe. Letty had a fancy for expensive shawls, and an innocent, ancient ambition to see George in a flowing dressing-gown; she had dreamed many a quaint dream of him in her working days, attired in the slippered ease and old-fashioned majestic gown and student's cap in the portraits of the poets, whose works he picked up at book-stalls, before she had the least acquaintance with these great men and their worries and troubles.

That shawl and that dressing-gown happened to be nearly the sole luxuries of her fortune on which Letty put her hands.

The zealous lawyer pressed on Mr. and Mrs. Ashe to come up to town and satisfy themselves with regard to their legacy; he even hinted at their immediately occupying the house at Bayswater, and seeing something of the season. Letty recoiled in horror from this extravagance, considering their late position; but when she urged fresh delay and consideration, woman-like, exaggerating her caution till it verged on cowardice, George Ashe proposed to go up to town alone and receive and invest their funds. Letty objected hastily and strongly to this solitary expedition, and instanced that, with a very little more time and trouble, she could accompany him. It would not do. George was affronted, restive, unmanageable, and he was quite ready to throw out hints that Letty was looking upon herself as an heiress, was wishing to act upon her heiress-ship, to establish her independence of him, or at least to imply his subordination to her.

Letty was really wounded. It was the first unjust, ungenerous treatment she had experienced from George Ashe. The fact was he was rapidly getting captious and overbearing. It was as if the golden mist of his imagination was converted into clouds of dim smoke, blinding and confounding him. He was a fine fellow, but he could not stand his sudden rise in the world; his temper and principles were tottering under it.

Letty settled with herself that it was better George Ashe should go up to London alone. There was delicacy in this, and there was a little stubbornness. Any way it was the first parting between those who had been made one flesh; and it had not been without previous roots of bitterness and seeds of disunion. You may feel for poor Letty, with her womanly sentiments all the more swelling in her throat and tightening her breast, because it was a strong heart which gave them birth.

Letty knew what loneliness was after she had succeeded to her fortune, and was left alone in the manufacturing town. Her husband was up in that London, whose vastness and unebbing tide of humanity oppressed her even to think of. The fortune he claimed appeared a drop in the bucket of its millions, and yet that drop so lured him that it divided him effectually from her, from what looked now the peaceful, happy days of their past, and from all they had so cheerfully anticipated in the hopeful struggles of their future. Surely human nature should have been above such fluctuations, such oblivion!

Letty knew what it was to grow haggard in her matronly beauty, and heart-weary as one of the chosen few, the favorites of Fortune, to whom the envy of the world was mockery in the canker at the root of the prosperity, while they covered over the sore with decent reticence. There were gossiping, suspicious eyes upon her too; but Letty had not even required to hear in her travels the story of the lioness without the tongue. Yet the poor Colonel had meant to crown her with his favor; and Letty would no more reproach his ghost with framing for her a crown of thorns than she would fling away her turtle because its meek, tenderly-prolonged cooings contrasted broadly with those proud, brief letters from London.

You have heard of a man going straight to destruction. George Ashe went far to it, without turning to look behind him. He fell from his naturally lofty principles and high standard in an incredibly, mournfully, humiliatingly short space of time. I suppose it was in the mystery of evil. The young man was green—green in his rare rise in life; and there were gray-beards who thought it no shame to rob and to fool him. There are thieves for men to fall among in other localities than that between Jerusalem and Jericho. There are men of business to excuse themselves for making their own of their client, though it should be by subduing and deteriorating those notorious geese, natural geniuses. There are men of wit who reckon "spoons" fair game in society, however the "spoons" may be battered in the process. In this case there were no friends to interfere, to render the conquest less complete. Letty heard of George Ashe's wild purchases and injurious excesses, and wrung her hands and reproached herself that she had not gone with him or followed him to that London which, she said to herself, in an agony of defense of the culprit, was drunk with its own snares and sins. Why had she been so selfish, so mad, in her pride? and now it was too late, when he only regarded her entreaties to laugh at them and despise them, and to forbid her joining him. Poor, great-hearted, devoted Letty, as if a woman's husband could ever, except in an extraordinary case, be treated with profit as her baby.

Months have passed, and Letty sat alone one night, comfortless, in her little sitting-room, which looked mean even in her own eyes nowadays, pondering on her cares. A ring came to the bell—and surely Letty should know that ring—but alas! she had undergone so many false starts that she dared not trust her heart. She went to the door, trembling, opened it, recognized her husband, and fell upon his breast. She had him again, and she clung to him, without another thought. She brought him into the parlor, still clasping his arm, though he returned her caress mechanically, and only spoke to her by a muttered greeting. It was autumn and stormy weather, and he looked miserably cold and knocked up. She lit a fire for him, kneeling down and puffing at the match in the laid wood with all her might, drew his chair before it, and brought him her own tea and toast, till something better could be prepared for him. She did not ask him why he had come without announcing his arrival; why he had traveled in a summer coat, and without wrap or luggage, like an adventurer, or a man flying from his enemies. She put away every thought but that of his presence, and built herself up in it till her eyes shone like stars, and her cheeks bloomed like blush-roses. He saw it, and rose up with a bitter cry: "Letty, I have brought you back nothing. I have wasted it all. I have only brought back my miserable self."

"You have brought back yourself, George," repeated Letty, in her quiet accents of deep, strong fidelity, in which there was full forgiveness, and under which there throbbed and thrilled such hidden pulses of fondness as only beat in such strong and faithful beings. "You have brought back yourself; and what could you bring to me like yourself? We will be as we were before, George. How gladly we will forget what has come between, except as a warning of evils to be avoided forever!"

I am glad that Letty was not repaid by signal ingratitude and a recurrence of the offense. George Ashe was not such an ingrate. He was filled with the forbidden fruit of his folly, and found his teeth too much set on edge for him to crave to bite the apple of knowledge again. He had no relapse, though he could not escape a rebound. The sweet-natured, enthusiastic man had taken leaven into his composition which leavened the whole lump. He had been to a school where he was not only instructed but inoculated in coldness, skepticism, and sarcasm.

George Ashe had spent an incredible amount of worldly substance, but he was not so penniless as, in his despair, he had represented himself. From the fragments of Letty's legacy enough was saved to buy a small farm to maintain the couple. Letty and George went to that little farm with its pretty northern name of the Hollens, and there practiced, with economy, being yeomen, pastoral poets and patriarchs. Well, what would you have? It would have been a great independence to them once on a day; and at least one of them knew both how to be abased and how to abound, and the hardest feat of all, how to curb high-vaulting imaginations within their old narrow bounds. There the Ashes were cordially visited by the Bridgewaters and other friends; and there they lived to secure the regard of their world, though not in the same degree. He was a wonderful fellow, no doubt, well educated at last, even accomplished, liberal, friendly; but he was uncertain, a little morbid, self-conscious, crotchety. And Letty was such a noble-hearted woman, he was so well off with her, as he was thoroughly aware in every respect; she was so tranquil in her comparative exaltation, so serene under her losses, so unpretendingly exact and honorable in all her duties, so genial in her quiet way, with such a lovable inclination to plants and animals and other people's children besides her own. People said she was a born lady, that mistress of the Hollens. That was small praise: say rather hers was a strong, pure heart, early anchored in still, profound faith in goodness and God.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

We devote several pages this week to the surrender of Vicksburg—the most important event, in some respects, of the whole war.

On page 481 will be found two pictures illustrating

THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

Mr. Davis writes:

"Head-quarters Major-General M'Pherson,
July 3, 1863.

"The eyes of the gallant men in the rifle-pits in front of the Division of General A. J. Smith have been gladdened by the long-expected flag of truce that is, we hope, to close this eventful siege.

"The officers, General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, were received by the 'officer of the day' for the Division, Captain Joseph H. Green, of the Twenty-third Wisconsin Regiment, and by him conducted to the head-quarters of General Burbridge, Captain Green having first taken the precaution to blindfold the officers. At the quarters of General Burbridge, the General, who has been quite ill for some days, received them, with an apology for his inability to rise from his couch. The handkerchiefs were soon removed, and the message of which they were bearers was sent to General Grant, who returned word that he would meet General Pemberton at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the officers took their departure, blindfolded as before, walking out to the lines.

"At three o'clock this afternoon the meeting of Generals Grant and Pemberton took place near the rebel work Fort Hill.

"After a conference of some two hours, in the most quiet and courteous manner, the two officers parted with a hand-shake that seemed most friendly.

"Quietly seated upon the grassy slope near the rebel works, one could only look with the greatest interest upon the scene.

"Meantime a conference was being had near by by Generals M'Pherson and Smith and General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, the officers of the Generals' staffs being *en groupe*."

On pages 488 and 489 will be found

"THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
July 4, 1863.

"This morning at ten o'clock the army under Lieutenant-General Pemberton marched out of their works and stacked arms and colors.

"So close were our saps to the rebel works that in many instances the arms were stacked in our trenches. The scene sketched shows the key to the rebel position—Fort Hill, with which the readers of the 'Journal of Civilization' must by this time be rather familiar.

"While the arms were being stacked General Grant with his staff rode past to enter the city; while upon the parapet of Fort Hill stood Pemberton, Hebert, Taylor, and other officers. It is, of course, impossible to show more than a small portion of the act of surrender, as each regiment stacked arms in front of the position they had held so gallantly during the siege, the works extending for nearly nine miles."

On page 492 we give

"ARRIVAL OF THE NAVAL FORCE, UNDER ADMIRAL PORTER, AT THE VICKSBURG LEVEE ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
July 4, 1863.

"The exceeding picturesqueness of the scene, together with the natural interest attached to the movements of our gallant navy, made the arrival of the fleet one of the most gala incidents of the day

"The sturdy iron-clads, trimmed from stem to stern with the many fluttering pennants and signal-flags of the code, the Jack-tars in their prettiest togs—white—and the jubilant crowd on the levee, whose noisy greeting was only equaled by the p-a-c-k-like explosion of the unshotted guns that told noisily off the stated amount of thunder due the anniversary of our country's birth.

"And yet, sketching the scene, the thought came—Oh! could I but portray the heat! The pencil can not; words may. 'Twas *very* hot."

On page 492 we give

"MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON AND HIS ENGINEER OFFICERS.

"No officer has won for himself more golden opinions during this brilliant campaign than General M'Pherson. He is a cool and daring soldier in battle, a courteous gentleman in camp; as an engineer he is unsurpassed.

"The works constructed by his corps are pronounced by the army 'the most complete and satisfactory of the line.'

"Each day he is in the trenches with the soldier, not a single thing escapes his notice—commendation or disapproval. He is the pride of the corps that he commands.

"He has under him two able engineers, Captains Hickenlooper and Merritt. Captain H., being Chief-Engineer of the Corps, is represented at the right hand of my sketch. He is a native of the Buckeye State, and was, previous to the rebellion, City Surveyor of Cincinnati, where he raised a battery of artillery that has gained for itself a deserved reputation. Captain Merritt, a New Yorker by birth, was at the commencement of the rebellion a civil engineer of some reputation. Being in Iowa he recruited a Company in that State for the 'Engineer Regiments of the West.' He has served mostly upon detached service—in the construction and reconstruction of military railroads. I may say a word of this officer's coolness in emergency:

"His post being in the advance trench in charge of working parties, he is continually the target for sharp-shooters. A few days since a lighted shell, thrown by the 'rebels' into the trench among the working party, was picked up by him and thrown to explode among its senders."

On pages 488 and 489 we give

"VICKSBURG FROM THE RIDGE BATTERIES.

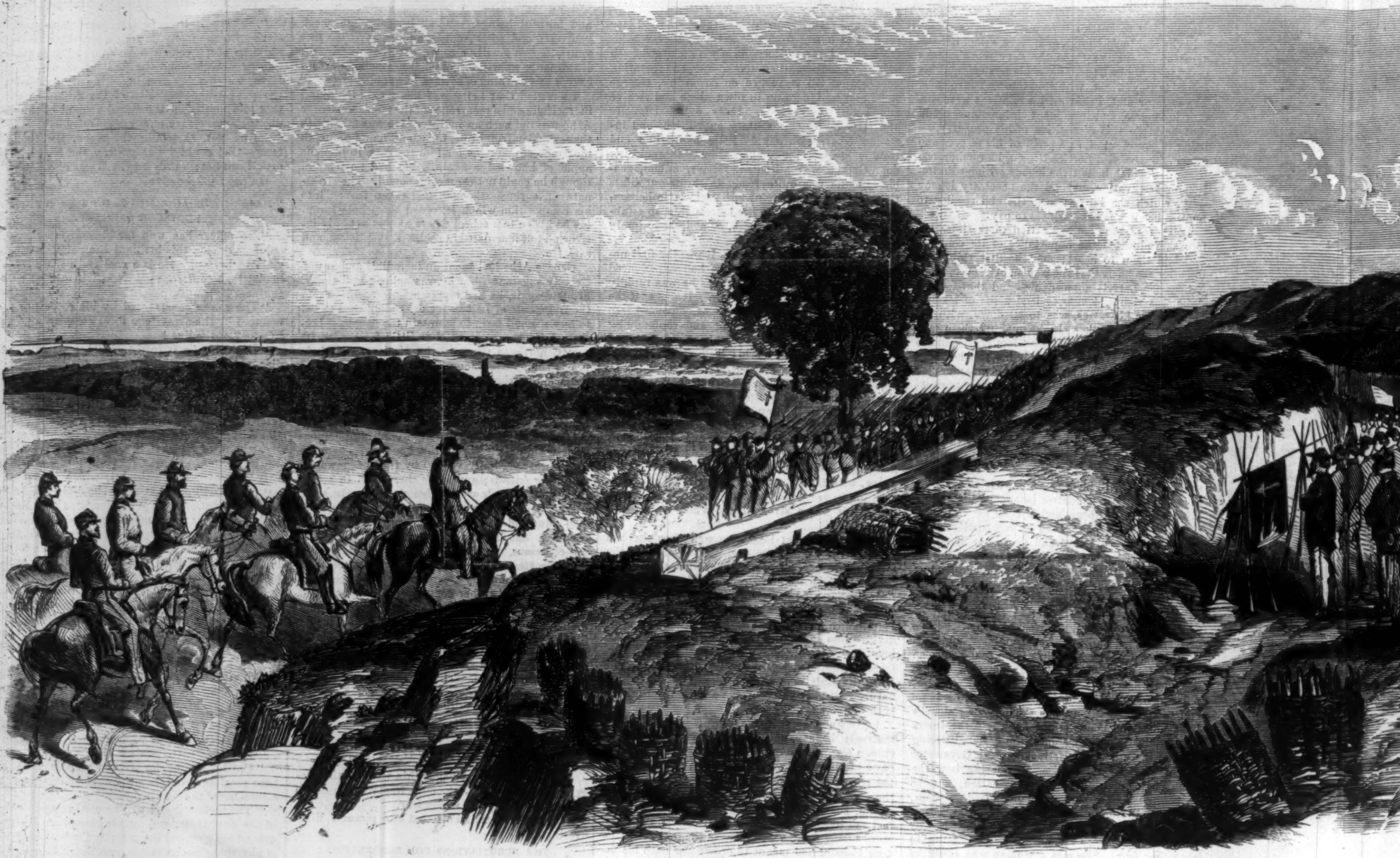
"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
July 4, 1863.

"Until this time, for obvious reasons, it has not been possible to obtain a satisfactory sketch of this Gibraltar of the South.

"The present sketch gives a comprehensive view of the city, river, and fortifications. In the foreground are grouped the prisoners, whose condition is any thing but enviable, one poor fellow shivering with a chill; and the thermometer, if one were to be had, would certainly show a temperature of at least purgatorial heat. While sketching I was joined by a brave man, Lieutenant Vernay, of General M'Pherson's staff. 'Ah!' quoth he, 'how we watched each flash from this monster gun as we, in frail transports, steamed past through the storm of hurtling iron.' Vernay had volunteered, and in running the batteries never left the hurricane-deck of the boat he commanded. A word of the guns in these batteries. They are cast rough, and mounted, as the technical phrase is, with the skin on, which adds to their strength about 15 per cent."

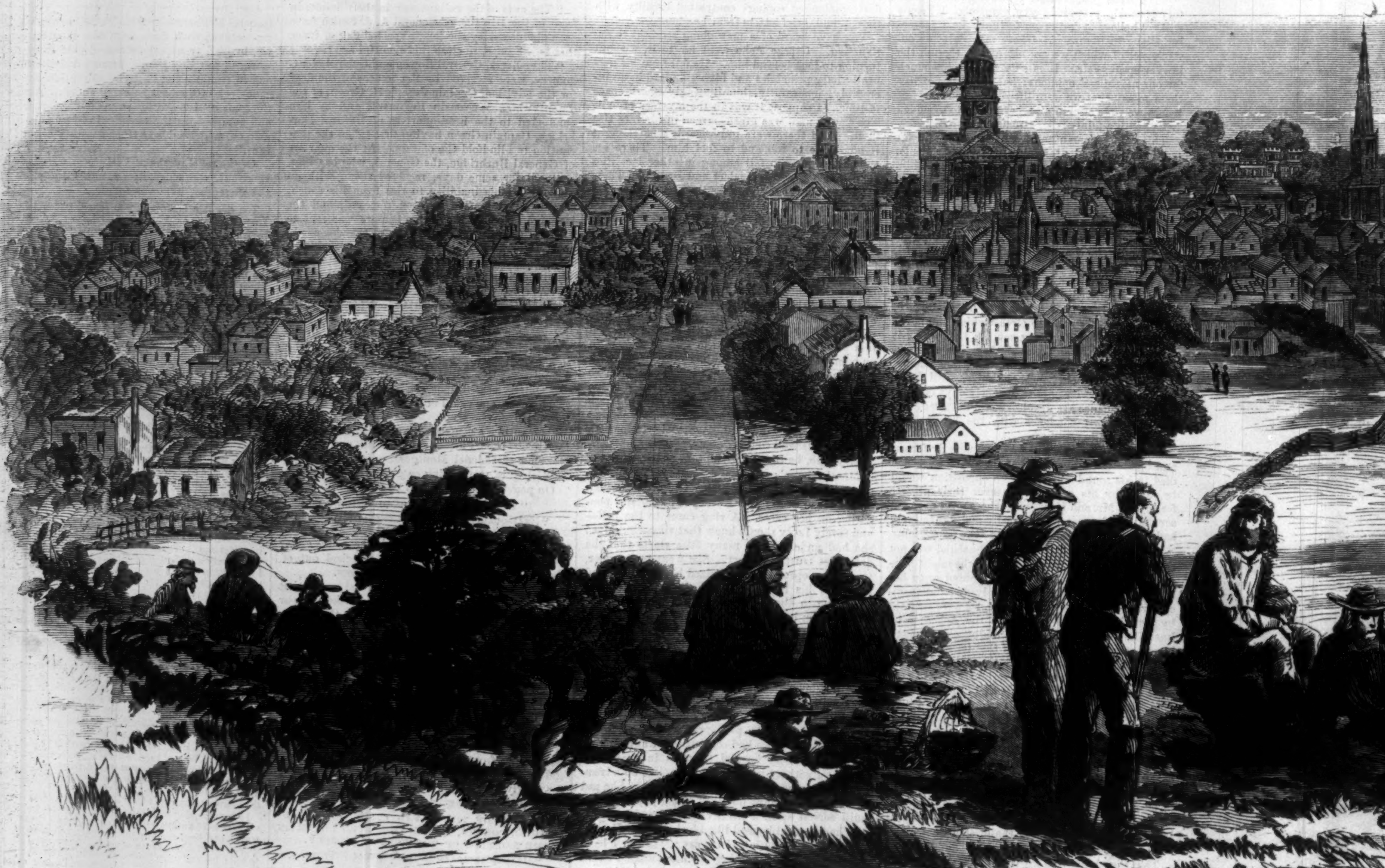
Of the rebel works at Vicksburg a *Herald* correspondent, who carefully examined the place after the surrender, writes as follows:

> The question has often been asked, "How long could Vicksburg have held out if its provisions had not become exhausted?" This is readily answered now that we have examined the ground and condition of their works, and the fact is this: One week's further operations and the city would have been obliged to surrender, in consequence of the murderous fire (which every day grew more severe) which our batteries and sharp-shooters were continually hurling against the fated city.
>
> A few of the reasons for this assertion may be succinctly stated. Aside from the fact of the scarcity of percussion caps, which, for the sake of better showing our position, we will suppose were abundant, the configuration of the ground within the rebel works was poorly adapted to defense, and afforded no position for a second line. Between the outer line of works and the city there is but a single ravine. From the works—Fort Hill particularly—the slope to the bottom of the ravine was gradual, and presented remarkable opportunities of pouring into the enemy a superlatively sanguinary fire. The ascent of the slope on the other side was equally as exposed, though the fire could not be so sweeping as upon the retreat from the works to the ravine. Once driven across this ravine, the enemy would be even more exposed than at first; for not only would our land-batteries have a fair sweep from the landward side, but the gun-boats could be brought to bear upon the position from the rear. This would be a predicament for the enemy the realization of which could never be endured for a day.
>
> In viewing the rebel fortifications their defects are evident even to the untutored in the eminent science of military defenses. There seems to be no system about them, but merely a collection of ditches and raised earth. The idea suggested to a person viewing them is that the engineers for the construction of the defenses of Vicksburg went to work in the most easy manner, physically, to themselves. It appears as if a detail were made, and each man alternately presented with a spade and a pick, and ordered to disperse, and, in the language of the West, "pitch in" wherever they thought proper, being careful always to give hills and prominent positions the preference.
>
> From the looks of the works this is the way in which Vicksburg was fortified. There is no system, no consecutive chain of positions, no interlacing of works, upon which depends the fortified strength of a place. Another observable feature in the rebel works was the lack of gabions, which in all field fortifications are deemed almost indispensable. In the enemy's works there were none.
>
> It would be unnecessary to say further in summing up that a great lack of engineering skill on the part of the enemy was displayed upon the defenses of Vicksburg. This fact is indubitable to one who has seen them, and must certainly occur to those who have carefully perused the above statement, which is based upon observation.
>
> In conversation with several rebel privates I elicited assertions to the effect that we had not yet all the large guns which had been used in the defense of Vicksburg. I inquired what had become of them. They were not prone to tell; but one more incautious than the rest inadvertently said they were buried. I asked no further questions, for if this be a fact, as I have since learned it to be, the whereabouts of the interred instruments of war will soon be found by marks of fresh earth or by information. Certainly the entombed terrifiers will be exhumed and restored to service in a more rational cause than the one in which their former proprietors used them.

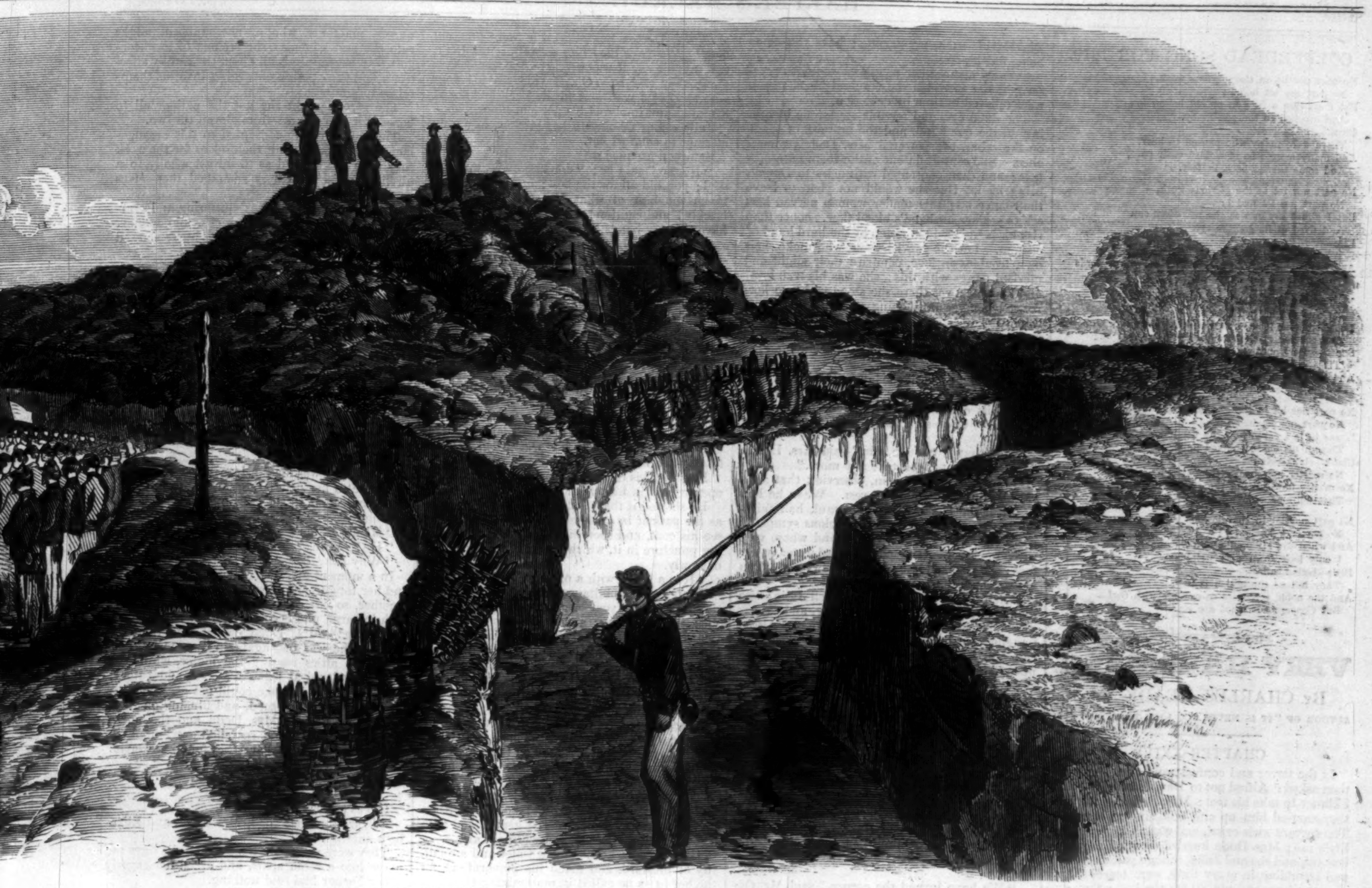


GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF.

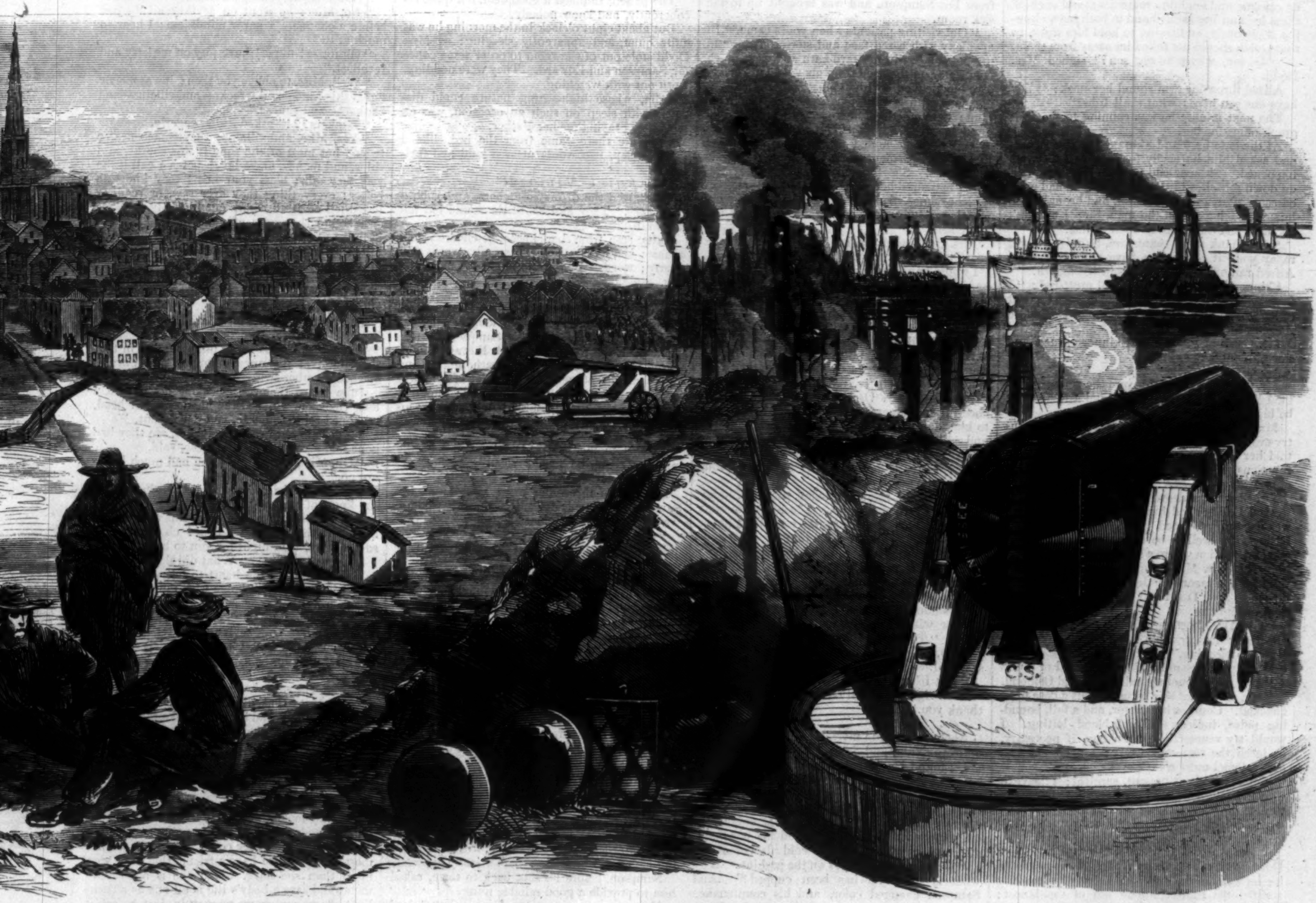
THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG—THE REBELS MARCHING OUT AND STAC



THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG—VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE RIVER BANK, SHOWING


GENERAL PEMBERTON AND STAFF.

TACKING ARMS.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]



NG PART OF THE RIVER BATTERIES.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]

COPPERHEAD SONG FOR 1870.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
 No part nor lot had I;
But I sat like a frog on an old hollow log,
 And croaked to the passers-by.
Croak—croak—croak—
 There were many who paused to hear,
And many more who slackened their pace,
 And some turned back in fear.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
 No part nor lot had I;
But I aimed my gun at the new-risen sun
 And fired at its godlike eye.
Fire—fire—fire—
 We thought we were many and strong,
And could humbug the nation with volleys of words
 To thinking right was wrong.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
 No part nor lot had I;
But I trod the long grass where the patriots would pass
 And sneered at their rallying cry.
Sneer—sneer—sneer—
 'Tis a sword with a double edge,
And before it many a runner has turned
 To the homestead side of his hedge.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
 No part nor lot had I;
'Twas little I cared how the bondman fared,
 Though his chain clanked under my eye.
Clank—clank—clank—
 No matter how heavy the pain,
No matter how cutting the steely lash
 That fell o'er a negro's brain.

No part nor lot in the glorious work,
 No part nor lot had I;
And when the air swells with the music of bells
 I only look down with a sigh.
Bells—bells—bells—
 They tell us the nation is free,
And the noble achievers co-workers with God—
 But Copperheads what are we?

H. W. P.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the terror and confusion no questions were then asked: Alfred got to David's head and told Skinner to take his feet; Mrs. Dodd helped, and they carried him up and laid him on her bed. The servant girls cried, and wailed, and were of little use; Mrs. Dodd hurried them off for medical aid, and she and Julia, though pale as ghosts, and trembling in every limb, were tearless, and almost silent, and did all for the best: they undid a shirt-button, that confined his throat: they set his head high, and tried their poor little eau de cologne and feminine remedies: and each of them held an insensible hand in both hers, clasping it piteously, and trying to hold him tight, so that Death should not take him away from them.

"My son, where is my son?" sighed Mrs. Dodd.

Alfred threw his arm round her neck: "You have one son here: what shall I do?"

The next minute he was running to the telegraph-office for her.

At the gate he found Skinner hanging about, and asked him hurriedly how the calamity had happened. Skinner said Captain Dodd had fallen down senseless in the street, and he had passed soon after, recognized him, and brought him home; "I have paid the men, Sir: I wouldn't let them ask the ladies at such a time."

"Oh, thank you! thank you, Skinner! I will repay you: it is me you have obliged." And Alfred ran off with the words in his mouth.

Skinner looked after him, and muttered: "I forgot *him*. It is a nice mess. Wish I was out of it." And he went back, hanging his head, to Alfred's father.

Mr. Osmond met him; Skinner turned and saw him enter the villa.

Mr. Osmond came softly into the room, examined Dodd's eye, felt his pulse, and said he must be bled at once.

Mrs. Dodd was averse to this: "Oh, let us try every thing else first," said she; but Osmond told her there was no other remedy: "All the functions we rely on in the exhibition of medicines are suspended."

Dr. Short now drove up, and was ushered in.

Mrs. Dodd asked him imploringly whether it was necessary to bleed. But Dr. Short knew his business too well to be entrapped into an independent opinion where a surgeon had been before him; he drew Mr. Osmond apart and inquired what he had recommended: this ascertained, he turned to Mrs. Dodd and said, I advise venesection, or cupping.

"Oh, Dr. Short, pray have pity and order something less terrible. Dr. Sampson is so averse to bleeding."

"Sampson? Sampson? never heard of him."

"It is the chronothermal man," said Osmond.

"Oh, ah! But this is too serious a case to be quacked. Coma, with stertor, and a full, bounding pulse, indicates liberal blood-letting. I would try venesection; then cup, if necessary, or leech the temporal artery: I need not say, Sir, calomel must complete the cure. The case is simple; and, at present, surgical; I leave it in competent hands." And he retired, leaving the inferior practitioner well pleased with him and with himself; no insignificant part of a physician's art.

When he was gone, Mr. Osmond told Mrs. Dodd that however crotchety Dr. Sampson might be, he was an able man, and had very properly resisted the indiscriminate use of the lancet: the profession owed him much. "But in apoplexy the leech and the lancet are still our sheet-anchors."

Mrs. Dodd uttered a faint shriek: "Apoplexy! Oh, David! Oh, my darling; have you come home for this?"

Osmond assured her apoplexy was not necessarily fatal: provided the cerebral blood-vessels were relieved in time by depletion.

The fixed eye, and terrible stertorous breathing on the one hand, and the promise of relief on the other, overpowered Mrs. Dodd's reluctance. She sent Julia out of the room on a pretext; and then consented with tears to David's being bled. But she would not yield to leave the room; no; this tender woman nerved herself to see her husband's blood flow, sooner than risk his being bled too much by the hard hand of custom. Let the peevish fools, who make their own troubles in love, compare their slight and merited pangs with this: she was his true lover and his wife: yet there she stood with eye horror-stricken yet unflinching, and saw the stab of the little lancet, and felt it deeper than she would a javelin through her own body; and watched the blood run that was dearer to her far than her own.

At the first prick of the lancet David shivered, and, as the blood escaped, his eye unfixed, and the pupils contracted and dilated, and once he sighed. "Good sign that!" said Osmond.

"Oh, that is enough, Sir," said Mrs. Dodd: "we shall faint if you take any more."

Osmond closed the vein, observing that a local bleeding would do the rest. When he had stanched the blood, Mrs. Dodd sank half fainting in her chair; by some marvelous sympathy it was she who had been bled, and whose vein was now closed. Osmond sprinkled water in her face: she thanked him: and said, sweetly, "You see we could not have lost any more."

When it was over she came to tell Julia; she found her sitting on the stairs crying, and pale as marble. She suspected. And there was Alfred hanging over her, and in agony at her grief; out came his love for her in words and accents unmistakable, and this in Osmond's hearing and the maid's.

"Oh, hush! hush!" cried poor Mrs. Dodd; and her face was seen to burn through her tears.

And this was the happy, quiet, little villa of my opening chapters.

Ah, Richard Hardie! Richard Hardie!

The patient was cupped on the nape of the neck by Mr. Osmond, and, on the glasses drawing, showed signs of consciousness, and the breathing was relieved: these favorable symptoms were neither diminished nor increased by the subsequent application of the cupping needles.

"We have turned the corner," said Mr. Osmond, cheerfully.

Rap! rap! rap! came a telegraphic message from Dr. Sampson, and was brought up to the sick room.

"Out visiting patients when yours came. In apoplexy with a red face and stertorous breathing put the feet in mustard bath and dash much cold water on the head from above. On revival give emetic: cure with sulphate of quinine. In apoplexy with a white face treat as for a simple faint: here emetic dangerous. In neither apoplexy bleed. Coming down by train."

This message added to Mrs. Dodd's alarm: the whole treatment varied so from what had been done. She faltered her misgivings; Osmond reassured her. "Not bleed in apoplexy!" said he, superciliously, "why it is the universal practice. Judge for yourself! You see the improvement."

Mrs. Dodd admitted it.

"Then as to the cold water," said Osmond, "I would hardly advise so rough a remedy. And he is going on so well. But you can send for ice; and, meantime, give me a good-sized stocking."

He cut and fitted it adroitly to the patient's head: then drenched it with eau de cologne, and soon the head began to steam.

By-and-by David muttered a few incoherent words: and the anxious watchers thanked God aloud for them.

At length Mr. Osmond took leave with a cheerful countenance, and left them all grateful to him, and with a high opinion of his judgment and skill; especially Julia. She said Dr. Sampson was very amusing to talk to; but she should be sorry to trust to that rash, reckless, boisterous man, in time of danger.

Mr. Osmond, returning home, passed Munday and Co., the undertakers. The shop was shut long ago; but Munday junior was standing at the private door, and invited him in.

"Well, Sir; buried old Mrs. Jephson to-day; and went off capital. Your little commission, Sir, for recommending them our firm." With this he slipped four sovereigns into Mr. Osmond's hand. Osmond smiled benignly at their contact with his palm, and said in a grateful spirit: "There is an apoplexy at Albion Villa."

"Oh, indeed, Sir!" and Munday junior's eyes sparkled.

"But I have bled and cupped him."

"All right, Sir: I'll be on the look-out; and thank you."

About two in the morning a fly drove rapidly up to the villa, and Sampson got out.

He found David pale and muttering, and his wife and children hanging over him in deep distress.

He shook hands with them in silence, and eyed the patient keenly. He took the night-cap off, removed the pillows, lowered his head and said, quietly, "This is the cold fit come on: we must not shut our eyes on the pashint. Why what is this? he has been cupped!" And Sampson changed color, and his countenance fell.

Mrs. Dodd saw, and began to tremble: "I could not hear from you; and Dr. Short and Mr. Osmond felt quite sure: and he seems better. Oh, Doctor Sampson, why were you not here? We have bled him as well. Oh, don't, don't, don't say it was wrong! He would have died: they said so. Oh, David! David! your wife has killed you." And she knelt and kissed his hand and implored his pardon, insensible.

Julia clung sobbing to her mother, in a vain attempt to comfort her.

Sampson groaned:

"No, no," said he; "don't go on so, my poor soul; you did all for the best; and now we must make the best of what is done. Hartshorn! brandy! and caution! For those two assassins have tied my hands."

While applying those timid remedies, he inquired if the cause was known. They told him they knew nothing; but that David had been wrecked on the coast of France, and had fallen down senseless in the street: a clerk of Mr. Hardie's had recognized him, and brought him home: so Alfred said.

"Then the cause is mintal," said Sampson; "unless he got a blow on the hid in bein' wrecked."

He then examined David's head carefully, and found a long scar.

"But this is not it," said he; "this is old."

Mrs. Dodd clasped her hands, and assured him it was new to her: her David had no scar there when he left her last.

Pursuing his examination, Sampson found an open wound in his left shoulder.

He showed it them; and they were all as pale as the patient in a moment. He then asked to see his coat, and soon discovered a corresponding puncture in it, which he examined long and narrowly.

"It is a stab—with a one-edged knife."

There was a simultaneous cry of horror.

"Don't alarm yourselves for that," said Sampson: "it is nothing: a mere flesh-wound. It is the vein-wound that alarms me. This school knows nothing about the paroxysms and remissions of disease. They have bled and cupped him for *a passing fit*. It has passed into the cold stage, but no quicker than it would have done without stealing a drop of blood. To-morrow, by Disease's nature, he will have another hot fit in spite of their bleeding. Then those ijjits would leech his temples; and on that paroxysm remitting by the nature of Disease, would fancy their leeches had cured it."

The words were the old words, but the tone and manner were so different: no shouting, no anger: all was spoken low and gently, and with a sort of sad and weary and worn-out air.

He ordered a kettle of hot water and a quantity of mustard, and made his preparations for the hot fit as he called it, maintaining the intermittent and febrile character of all disease.

The patient rambled a good deal, but quite incoherently, and knew nobody.

But about eight o'clock in the morning he was quite quiet, and apparently sleeping: so Mrs. Dodd stole out of the room to order some coffee for Sampson and Edward. They were nodding, worn out with watching.

Julia, whose high-strung nature could dispense with sleep on such an occasion, was on her knees praying for her Father.

Suddenly there came from the bed, like a thunder-clap, two words uttered loud and furiously:

"HARDIE! VILLAIN!"

Up started the drowsy watchers, and rubbed their eyes. They had heard the sound but not the sense.

Julia rose from her knees bewildered and aghast: she had caught the strange words distinctly; words that were to haunt her night and day.

They were followed immediately by a loud groan: and the stertorous breathing recommenced, and the face was no longer pale, but flushed and turgid. On this Sampson hurried Julia from the room, and, with Edward's help, placed David on a stool in the bath, and getting on a chair discharged half a bucket of cold water on his head; the patient gasped: another; and David shuddered, stared wildly, and put his hand to his head: a third, and he staggered to his feet.

At this moment Mrs. Dodd coming hastily into the room, he looked steadily at her, and said, "Lucy!"

She ran to throw her arms round him, but Sampson interfered: "Gently! gently!" said he, "we must have no violent emotions."

"Oh, no! I will be prudent." And she stood quiet with her arms still extended, and cried for joy.

They got David to bed again, and Sampson told Mrs. Dodd there was no danger now from the malady, but only from the remedies.

And in fact David fell into a state of weakness and exhaustion; and kept muttering unintelligibly.

Dr. Short called in the morning, and was invited to consult with Dr. Sampson. He declined. "Dr. Sampson is a notorious quack: no physician of any eminence will meet him in consultation."

"I regret that resolution," said Mrs. Dodd quietly; "as it will deprive me of the advantage of your skill."

Dr. Short bowed stiffly: "I shall be at your service, madam, when that empiric has given the patient up." And he drove away.

Osmond, finding Sampson installed, took the politic line; he contrived to glide by fine gradations into the empiric's opinions, without recanting his own, which were diametrically opposed.

Sampson, before he shot back to town, asked him to provide a good reliable nurse.

He sent a young woman of iron: she received Sampson's instructions, and assumed the command of the sick room; and was jealous of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; looked on them as mere rival nurses, amateurs, who, if not snubbed, might ruin the professionals: she seemed to have forgotten in the hospitals all about the family affections, and their power of turning invalids themselves into nurses.

The second night she got the patient all to herself for four hours; from eleven till two.

The ladies having consented to this arrangement, in order to recruit themselves for the work they were not so mad as to intrust wholly to a hireling, nurse's feathers smoothed themselves perceptibly.

At twelve the patient was muttering and murmuring incessantly about wrecks, and money, and things: of which vain babble nurse showed her professional contempt by nodding.

At 12.30 she slept.

At 1.20 she snored very loud, and woke instantly at the sound.

She took the thief out of the candle, and went like a good sentinel to look at her charge.

He was not there.

She rubbed her eyes, and held the candle over the place where he ought to be; where, in fact, he must be; for he was far too weak to move.

She tore the bed-clothes down: she beat and patted the clothes with her left hand, and the candle began to shake violently in her right.

The bed was empty.

Mrs. Dodd was half asleep when a hurried tap came to her door: she started up in a moment, and great dread fell on her; was David sinking?

"Ma'am! Ma'am! Is he here?"

"He! Who?" cried Mrs. Dodd, bewildered.

"Why *him!* he can't be far off."

In a moment Mrs. Dodd had opened the door; and her tongue and the nurse's seemed to clash together, so fast came the agitated words from each in turn; and crying "Call my son! Alarm the house!" Mrs. Dodd darted into the sick room. She was out again in a moment, and up in the attics rousing the maids, while the nurse thundered at Edward's door, and Julia's, and rang every bell she could get at. The inmates were soon alarmed, and flinging on their clothes: meantime Mrs. Dodd and the nurse scoured the house and searched every nook in it down to the very cellar; they found no David.

But they found something.

The street door ajar.

It was a dark, drizzly night.

Edward took one road, Mrs. Dodd and Elizabeth another.

They were no sooner gone than Julia drew the nurse into a room apart, and asked her eagerly if her Father had said nothing.

"Said nothing, Miss? Why he was a talking all the night incessant."

"Did he say any thing particular? think now."

"No, Miss: he went on as they all do just before a change. I never minds 'em; I hear so much of it."

"Oh nurse! nurse! have pity on me! try and recollect."

"Well, Miss, to oblige you then; it was mostly fights this time—and wrecks—and villains—and bankers—and sharks."

"Bankers??!" asked Julia, eagerly.

"Yes, Miss, and villains; they come once or twice; but most of the time it was sharks, and ships, and money, and—hotch-potch I call it the way they talk: bless your heart they know no better: every thing they ever saw, or read, or heard tell of, it all comes out higgledy piggledy just before they goes off: we that makes it a business never takes no notice of what they says, Miss: and never repeats it out of one sick house into another: that you *may* rely on."

Julia scarcely heard this: her hands were tight to her brow, as if to aid her to think with all her force.

The result was, she told Sarah to put on her bonnet: and rushed up stairs.

She was not gone three minutes; but in that short interval the nurse's tongue and Sarah's clashed together swiftly and incessantly.

Julia heard them. She came down with a long cloak on, whipped the hood over her head, beckoned Sarah quickly, and darted out.

Sarah followed instinctively, but, ere they had gone many yards from the house, said,

"Oh, Miss, nurse thinks you had much better not go."

"Nurse thinks! Nurse thinks! What does she know of me and my griefs?"

"Why, Miss, she is a very experienced woman, and she says— Oh dear! oh dear! And such a dark, cold night for you to be out!"

"Nurse? Nurse? What did she say?"

"Oh, I haven't the heart to tell you: if you would but come back home with me! She says as much as that poor master's troubles will be over long before we can get to him." And with this Sarah burst out sobbing.

"Come quicker," cried Julia, despairingly. But after a while she said, "Tell me; only don't stop me."

"Miss, she says she nursed Mr. Campbell, the young curate that died last Harvest-time but one, you know; and he lay just like master, and she expecting a change every hour: and oh, Miss, she met him coming down stairs in his night-gownd: and he said, 'Nurse, I am all right now,' says he, and died momently in her arms at the stair-foot. And she nursed an old farmer that lay as weak as master, and, just when they looked for him to go, lo and behold him dressed and out digging potatoes, and fell down dead before they could get hands on him mostly: and nurse have a friend, that have seen more than she have, which she is older than nurse, and says a body's life is all one as a rush-light, flares up strong momently, just before it goes out altogether. Dear heart, where ever are we going to in the middle of the night?"

"Don't you see? to the quay."

"Oh, don't go there, Miss, whatever! I can't abide the sight of the water, when a body's in trouble." Here a drunken man confronted them, and asked them if they wanted a beau: and, on their slipping past him in silence, followed them, and offered repeatedly to treat them. Julia moaned, and hurried faster. "Oh, Miss," said Sarah, "what could you expect, coming out at this time of night? I'm sure the breath is all out of me; you do tear along so."

"Tear? we are crawling. Ah, Sarah, you are not his daughter. There, follow me! I can not go so slow." And she set off to run.

Presently she passed a group of women standing talking at a corner of the street; and windows were open with night-capped heads framed in them.

She stopped a moment to catch the words; they were talking about a ghost which was said to have just passed down the street; and discussing whether it was a real ghost, or a trick to frighten people.

Julia uttered a low cry, and redoubled her speed, and was soon at Mr. Richard Hardie's door: but the street was deserted, and she was bewildered, and began to think she had been too hasty in her conjecture. A chill came over her impetuosity. The dark, drizzly, silent night, the tall masts, the smell of the river, how strange it all seemed: and she to be there alone at such an hour.

Presently she heard voices somewhere near. She crossed over to a passage that seemed to lead toward them; and then she heard the voices plainly, and among them one that did not mingle with the others, for it was the voice she loved. She started back and stood irresolute. Would he be displeased with her?

Feet came trampling slowly along the passage.

His voice came with them.

She drew back and looked round for Sarah.

While she stood fluttering, the footsteps came close, and there emerged from the passage into the full light of the gas-lamp Alfred and two policemen carrying a silent, senseless figure, in a night-gown, with a great-coat thrown over part of him.

It was her Father; mute and ghastly.

The policemen still tell of that strange meeting under the gaslight by Hardie's Bank; and how the young lady flung her arms round her father's head, and took him for dead, and kissed his pale cheeks, and moaned over him; and how the young gentleman raised her against her will, and sobbed over her; and how they, though policemen, cried like children. And to them I must refer the reader: I have not the skill to convey the situation.

They got more policemen to help, and carried him to Albion Villa.

On the way, something cold and mysterious seemed to have come between Julia and Alfred. They walked apart in gloomy silence broken only by foreboding sighs.

I pass over the tempest of emotions under which that sad burden entered Albion Villa, and hurry to the next marked event.

Next day the patient had lost his extreme pallor, and wore a certain uniform sallow hue; and at noon, just before Sampson's return, he opened his eyes wide and fixed them on Mrs. Dodd and Julia, who were now his nurses. They hailed this with delight, and held their breath to hear him speak to them the first sweet words of reviving life and love.

But soon to their surprise and grief they found he did not know them. They spoke to him, each in turn, and told him piteously who they were, and implored him with tears to know them, and speak to them. But no, he fixed a stony gaze on them that made them shudder; and their beloved voices passed over him like an idle wind.

Sampson, when he came, found the ladies weeping by the bedside.

They greeted him with affection—Julia especially: the boisterous controversialist had come out a gentle, zealous artist, in presence of a real danger.

Dr. Sampson knew nothing of what had happened in his absence. He stepped to the bedside cheerfully, and the ladies' eyes were bent keenly on his face in silence.

He had no sooner cast eyes on David than his countenance fell, and his hard but expressive features filled with concern.

That was enough for Mrs. Dodd: "And he does not know me," she cried: "he does not know my voice. *His* voice would call me back from the grave itself. He is dying. He will never speak to me again. Oh, my poor orphan girl!"

"No! no!" said Sampson, "you are quite mistaken: he will not die. But—"

His tongue said no more. His grave and sombre face spoke volumes.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE DEAD.

SCATTERED about the world are dead and buried cities that it is one of the labors of the living in our day to disentomb. There are Pompeii and Herculaneum open, to bear witness yet to the life of the past. At Pompeii the disentombment is now going on with fresh activity and good result. Old Egypt is delivering up fresh secrets of her dead at Thebes and elsewhere. Spades and picks have been busy over the grave of Carthage, and other dead and buried cities of the Carthaginians. Nineveh and Babylon, having been in the hands of such resurrectionists as Mr. Layard, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and others, are left at peace for a short time. Any news thence is old news; but from the graves of other cities what is the latest intelligence?

By the sunny shores of the Bay of Naples stood for centuries the remnants of an old wall; and the people who lived near it never cared to dig below the surface. It is now one hundred and fifteen years ago that a workman, engaged in digging a well near this ruin, cut into a hollow chamber, of which the walls were covered with paintings. By the slow clearing away of the earth from buildings made by men who lived at the beginning of the Christian era, dwelling-houses, temples, altars, statues, built for the worship of heathen deities, baths, and theatres, were found all struck to silence like the Sleeping Beauty, only for a great many hundred years instead of one; and, in our day, so restored to light and life, that we see what the town-people were doing in the house and in the street in the month of August, A.D. 79. There is written record of the cause of this sudden burial of a city whose inhabitants were in the full tide of luxurious enjoyment. The letter remains in which the younger Pliny tells Tacitus the horrors of a three days' eruption of Vesuvius, in which his uncle (admiral of the Roman fleet then lying in the bay), having approached too near the burning mountain, although still miles distant from it, met his death by the exhalations bursting from beneath his feet. The admiral had asthma, and the sulphurous vapors appear to have suffocated him at once, so that he fell, while his attendants fled from the scene of destruction to embark on board their ships. Returning, as soon as it became light, which was not until after the end of three days, they found their master lying, stretched as they had left him, as if he had fallen asleep.

Of late years the removal of the mass of mud, ashes, and pumice-stones, which the burning mountain had thrown out upon the city, has confirmed the statement of another ancient writer, that the town of Pompeii had been, at the time of its total destruction, in course of rebuilding after the consequences of a violent earthquake which had happened sixteen years before. For, as we walk along its streets, we not only see the theatre and many other edifices to have been in process of reconstruction at the time of their burial, but in the quarter once occupied by the stone and marble masons there lie portions of an old frieze, executed in volcanic stone, beside which stand copies of the same decoration cut in white marble ready for erection in a restored temple. There are wheel-tracks in the lava pavement; there are worn stone-steps leading up to temples and places of business; and, curiously enough, there is stone, worn by the hands of those who daily stopped to drink at the fountains placed at the street-crossings. By constantly leaning on one hand while they stooped to drink the running water, these people, who for so many centuries have known no more thirst, wore a hollow in the stone rim of the basin upon which they leaned. Terrible testimony is given as to the suddenness of the last catastrophe. Bread is in the bakers'-shops; there is a meal prepared, but never tasted, in a tavern. Outside that gate in the town-wall which led toward Herculaneum was found a skeleton in armor. It was that of the soldier on guard, who, faithful to duty, had not left his post. In a niche sheltering a seat for the use of tired travelers were found the bones of a woman and a baby, and those of two other persons clasped in one another's arms. A few paces further on were three more skeletons, two of persons who had been running one way, and the other of a person who had been hastening in the opposite direction. Of these, one held sixty-nine pieces of gold and one hundred and twenty-one of silver. Money was found lying beside the remains of people who had died in the vain endeavor to carry away means of the life whose sands were run. In a room of the Temple of Isis the priest of that Egyptian deity had met death with feasting, for near him were lying egg-shells and the bones of fowls and of a pig, together with a broken glass and a wine vase. In the house known as that of Diomed were the remains of a man, with that of a goat having a bell slung round its neck. In this dwelling were discovered more than twenty human beings. In a stable were the bones of a mule, still with its bronze bit between its teeth; in another place was the skeleton of a dog beside the bones of his master. Some skeletons had four gold rings on the same finger; one had a bronze lantern in his hand, with which he had doubtless been trying to find his way out of the thick darkness of that day of terror.

All these remains were discovered many years ago, but the work of excavation was then very slow. Now the recent change of government has given a new impulse to this most interesting labor, insomuch that during the last few months more has been done toward disinterment of the secrets of this buried community than had been accomplished in the previous quarter of a century. There is a regular organization of labor, and about three hundred persons, many of them girls and women, are employed in removing the crust formed eighteen centuries ago by eruption from the mountain which now rises behind the scene, without even a wreath of smoke upon its summit. Upon a regular tramway trucks, impelled by their own weight, run down an inclined plane, and discharge their loads at the end, just as is done at the formation of a railway. An entirely new quarter of the town has been thus opened out; and there has been found within the last few days the roof of a house, with all its tiles lying at their proper angle of inclination, the ashes and mud having poured into and filled the room beneath it so completely as to support its covering. There are two houses with walls painted in fresco, looking, when disclosed, as fresh as when first placed upon the walls. Unfortunately, in a very little time the colors fade away and alter. The reds especially soon become quite black.

These changes are probably due to chemical alteration produced by the sun's rays, and to the oxydizing power of the air. If, therefore, as soon as one of these paintings is discovered, it could be washed over with a solution of boiling glass, such as is used by the modern fresco painters in Munich, these interesting specimens of ancient art might be preserved. The writer has suggested this to Signor Fiorello, the director of the excavations. The very substance is sold in Italy for the purpose of preserving wood from the effects of fire, and is known by the name of liquore di selce. Several bodies have been recently found embedded in a mass of hardened mud; and the fortunate idea struck Signor Fiorello of pouring plaster of Paris into the moulds thus formed. In this manner an exact cast was made, inclosing such parts of the contained bodies as remained undecomposed. Thus were obtained, first, the body of a man lying stretched upon his back, his features very well preserved; in fact, so perfectly, that his friends, were they alive still, could have sworn to his identity. Afterward the remains of two females, a woman and a young girl, were preserved in the same manner; so that, while of the dress only a *cast* remains, the skull-bones themselves are there, resting upon the outstretched arm. At the moment of death the left hand seems to have been clasping the dress. In the elder female the left hand is shut, one of the fingers having a ring upon it. This group consisted of one man and three women, probably all of the same family, who were attempting to save themselves by flight, after having hastily secured certain objects which they valued. Silver money, besides four ear-rings and a finger-ring all made of gold, together with the remains of a linen bag, were lying near the woman.

One is struck by the fact that very many of the persons thus disclosed expired while engaged in the act of drawing their dress over their features. Two reasons may be given for this. One, that it was done in the endeavor to prevent suffocation from the mephitic vapors given off by the volcano. The other and the better, that it was customary among the Romans to hide the face when in the act of death. Thus, true to history, Shakspeare makes Antony say of "the mightiest Julius:"

> *And, in his mantle muffling up his face,*
> Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

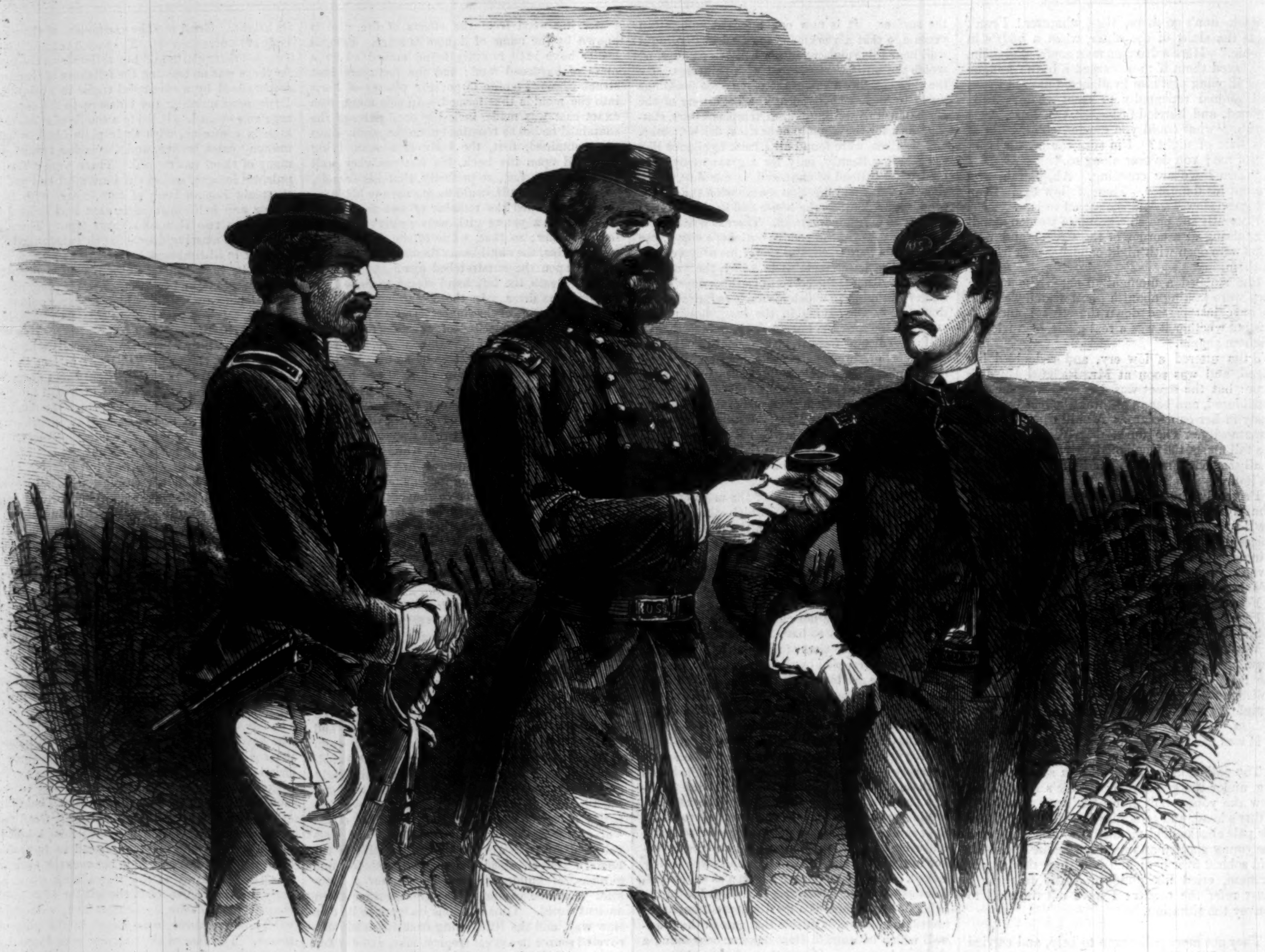
Time, though he shovels slowly, gets through more work than the liveliest volcano, and is a sexton who has dug the grave of many a proud city. The remains of Roman London lie buried fifteen feet below the level of the present streets. You are on the Nile, and see, on either bank, a green plain under a cloudless sky. The columns and towers of the great temple of Luxor rise from among the miserable hovels of a starved little modern market town. You sail by, and it is all bright green plain again till a mile further to the north the towers of Karnak overtop a palm grove that partly hides the wonders of its wide-spread ruins. But on the green plain between Luxor and Karnak, and for twelve miles toward the hills of the Eastern Desert, stood the temples, palaces, and gardens, of hundred-gated Thebes, for a thousand years the capital of the great nation of the ancient world. Time has done its work in its own slow way, and the Nile, rising from its newly-discovered source in a great tropical lake, and swollen by the periodical rains of the tropics (not by melting snows), has played the part of a Vesuvius. Harvests were eight feet above the buried ground on which the glory of the Pharaohs was displayed. At Thebes, also, there have been recent excavations and discoveries. Diodorus stated the circuit of old Thebes, as reported in his time, to have been sixteen miles. Strabo says that in his day the vestiges extended in length nine miles and a quarter. Those old sunny cities, with their included gardens, lay large upon the cultivated soil. Babylon was fourteen miles square; Syracuse, twenty-two miles; Carthage, of which also the remains are now being dug upon, was twenty-three miles in circuit. Yet London is larger than them all, excepting Babylon. The greatest length of London street is from east to west, in which direction one may pass between houses for fourteen miles. With all its straggling feelers into the country brought into a compact square, the size of London would be seven miles by four, and its circuit twenty-two miles. This would include a population packed together, with but a few little breathing grounds of park and square to answer to the Babylonian gardens, fields, and orchards, which gave men the enjoyments of a country-house in the heart of a capital.

We have details from Mr. Rhind of his own recent excavation at Thebes of the unrifled tomb of an Egyptian dignitary. He found it by help of the forty men who dug under his order. In seven weeks a doorway into the rock was uncovered. This door had been opened; the tomb within, and another within that, had been rifled; there were broken mummy-boxes; and mummies themselves lay where they had been tossed out, with their wrappings ripped up along throat and breast. But further along, at the foot of the same piece of rock, other men had been set to dig, and two months of work cleared the way to a tomb yet with its seal apparently unbroken. The first entrance was into a gallery within the rock, about eight feet square and fifty-five feet long, its walls smoothly plastered with clay. Half-way down this gallery Mr. Rhind came to a funeral canopy of brightly-painted pillars, supporting a painted roof, with a sort of temple front in miniature, all very gay with red and blue and yellow. This corresponded to our hearse and feathers over the dead, and had been delivered up as well as charged for, by the ancient undertaker. Further inward there sat, carved in stone, a pair of monumental figures, two feet high, male and female, side by side. Their superscription showed that the deceased gentleman had been a chief of the military police of the Temple of Ammon Ra, at Thebes. He was decidedly plump, and on his dress was inscribed, "All food off the tables of Ammon Ra and Mut is given to the deceased." The lady by the gentleman's side was inscribed, "His sister beloved from the depth of his heart." The statues were flanked by tall jars.

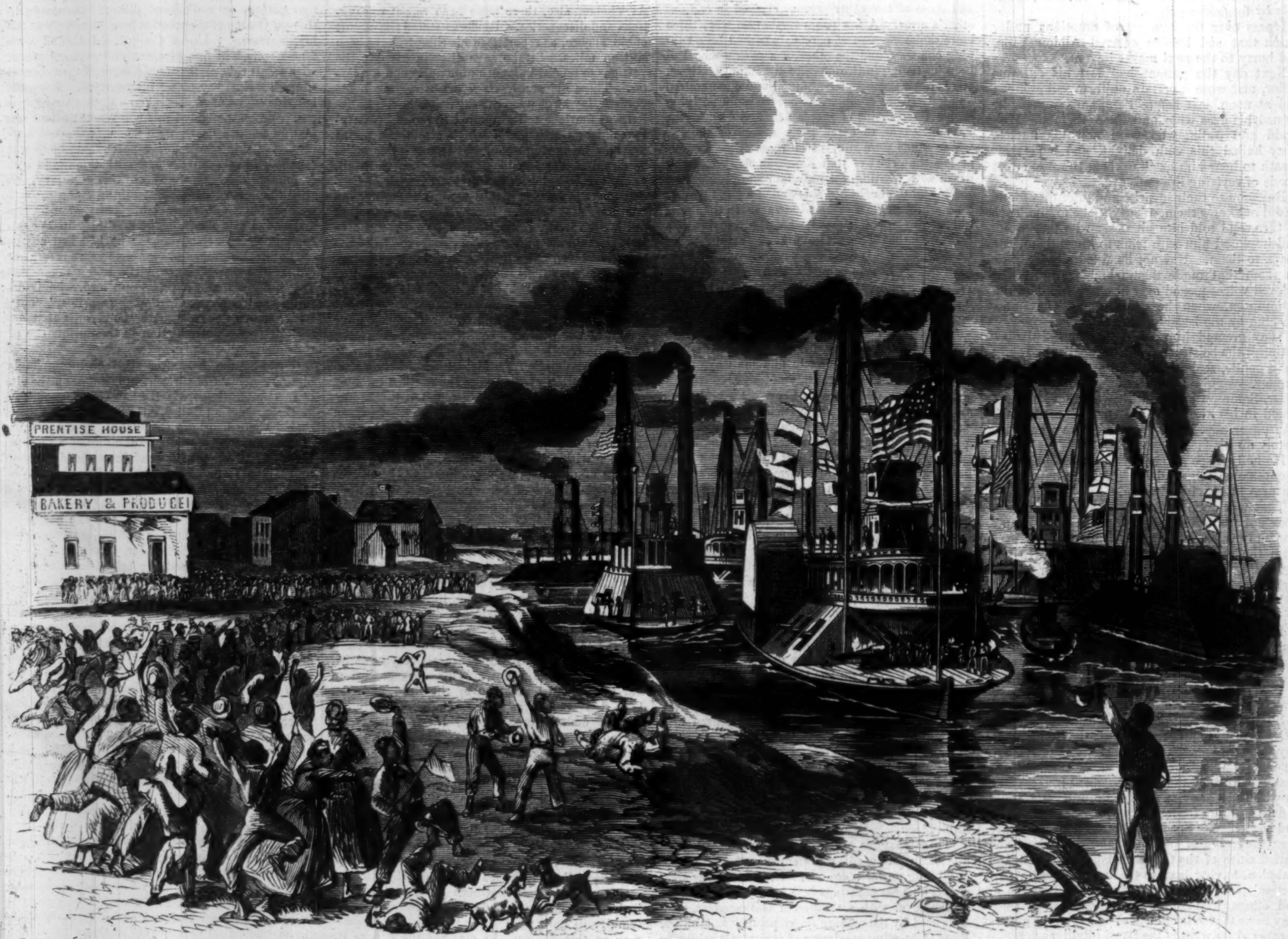
After this couple had been buried further use had been made of their tomb. Two entrances were found, still built up, leading to passages, one mid-way in this gallery, the other at the end of it. There was also at the end of the gallery a massive wooden door, barred, locked, and protected by a barricade of large stones built in front of it to half its height. Great was the excitement of the whole body of resurrectionists. The sealed entrances were guarded through the night by sailors from the boat; for there was no trusting the fellaheen of Gounreh, demoralized by a successful traffic in antiquities. Early next morning the entrance to the side-passage was opened. It led to a couple of small cells, both in confusion, with their plain black wooden mummy cases broken, and the bodies turned out, many of them unwrapped. There were a few sepulchral images, and in the innermost cell yet lay the plain Roman lamp of terra-cotta, with black nozzle and half-burnt wick, that had lighted the plunderers two thousand years ago. There remained the massive door, of such substantial timber that in ill-timbered Egypt it was a prize worthy to be competed for by a bishop, a deacon, a consular agent, and two sheiks. The door opened on a sloping tunnel, in which a man could walk upright. It was a tunnel seventy feet long, leading to a shaft or well ten feet by six. Half-way down this gallery also there were cells which had been rifled. Hope now lay, like truth, at the bottom of the well. The well, twenty feet deep, was crossed by strong beams, over which still hung the rope of twisted palm fibres, by which the dead and those who carried them, descended centuries ago. At the bottom there were again chambers. Of these, three contained mummies of persons who had been buried in ordinary cases; but a fourth death-chamber contained a massive dark granite sarcophagus, with the rollers and planks by which it had been moved into position still lying about it. The want of veneration for antiquity shown by these people, now themselves so ancient, appeared in the use, as planks, of broken mummy cases covered with hieroglyphics. At the doorway of this principal vault was a tall jar nearly full of palm-nuts; there were nuts also scattered about the floor. At the head of the sarcophagus was the preserved body of a dog, like a small Italian greyhound, swathed in osiers; also a mummied ibis, a doll of a hawk, and a ball of bitumen. The dog was an emblem of Anubis, genius of tombs. Whenever a house-dog died in the course of nature all the inmates of the house shaved their whole persons. The ibis was emblematical of the recording angel. The hawk was the symbol of Horus, who ushered the souls that were saved into the presence of Osiris; and within the ball of bitumen was a coiled snake, probably the horned snake sacred to Ammon Ra, the god especially honored at Thebes.

The solid cover of the sarcophagus, freed from the cement which fastened it, was raised, and the sarcophagus itself was then found to have been filled with bitumen poured in hot over the mummy. The clearing away of this was a long work, and early in the course of it the glitter of a golden chaplet excited the Arab workmen, who dream wildly of treasures to be found in the unopened tombs. The face of the mummy was cased by a gilt mask, and the temples were wreathed with a chaplet of copper thickly gilt, having eleven bay-leaves of thin gold attached to it by pliant stalks. The outer cloth covering of the rest of the body was painted in a diagonal pattern, answering to that on the top of the wooden funeral canopy at the first entrance. Under the painted shroud were folds steeped in fine bitumen and pungent gums, with small thin plates of gold, some of them beetle-shaped, and glassy pieces interspersed. From the left side of the dead was taken a large ritual papyrus. When the body itself was reached—that of a man of mature years, with strongly marked features—the skin of the upper part of his body was found to have been covered with thick gold leaf. In another case was the wife of this dignitary, also with the upper part of her skin gilt, and a papyrus by her side. Others were differently adorned, and one had a gilt mask. The dignitary in the sarcophagus was named Leban; he had had charge of the royal horses, and died nine years before our era, at the age of sixty. His wife's name was Tabai, daughter of a priest and lord, who is described as "one very great among mortals." They went down to the pit, with the records that are their letters of introduction to the antiquaries of the nineteenth century.

Carthage, too, has, after all, been incompletely blotted out. After three months' labor on the site of ancient Carthage, Mr. Nathan Davis found, two or three years ago, that the keeper of the French chapel there had been stimulated, by observation of his wanderings, to dig at the foot of a piece of wall near a wide pit that had been opened in vain by searchers among the apparently poor ruins of the temple of Astarte. He found in a few hours a charming mosaic, measuring about four feet by two and a half. It was complete, and the nature of the ground made it appear to him impossible that there could be more. But Mr. Davis, setting men to work, soon disclosed the bright mosaics of the corner of a temple floor adorned with a colossal female bust, and with two full-robed priestesses dancing before their goddess. More digging brought to light more of the rich pavement trodden by the worshipers in a great temple that had been restored when Carthage became the capital of Roman Africa. Much more of old Carthage has since been found. The Carthaginian houses were built, above the lower story, with what Pliny called formacean walls; of earth inclosed between boards; such walls being declared proof against rain, wind, and fire. There yet remain turrets of earth built by Hannibal as watch-towers on Spanish mountain-tops. But when these earthen walls of Carthage fell in ruins they formed heaps of rubbish that a few years would transform into mounds of apparently natural soil, with nothing left under them but unsuspected pavements, through which the Romans often dug in the rebuilding of the city. A thin layer of charcoal, or some other evidence of the action of fire, is always found on the remains of ancient Carthage. The use of clay bricks for building has been assigned as one main cause of the complete disappearance of Babylon. For Babylon the mighty city is fallen. Scarcely a detached figure or tablet has been dug from the vast heaps that are the graves of all its glory.



THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON, OF GRANT'S ARMY, AND HIS CHIEF ENGINEERS.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]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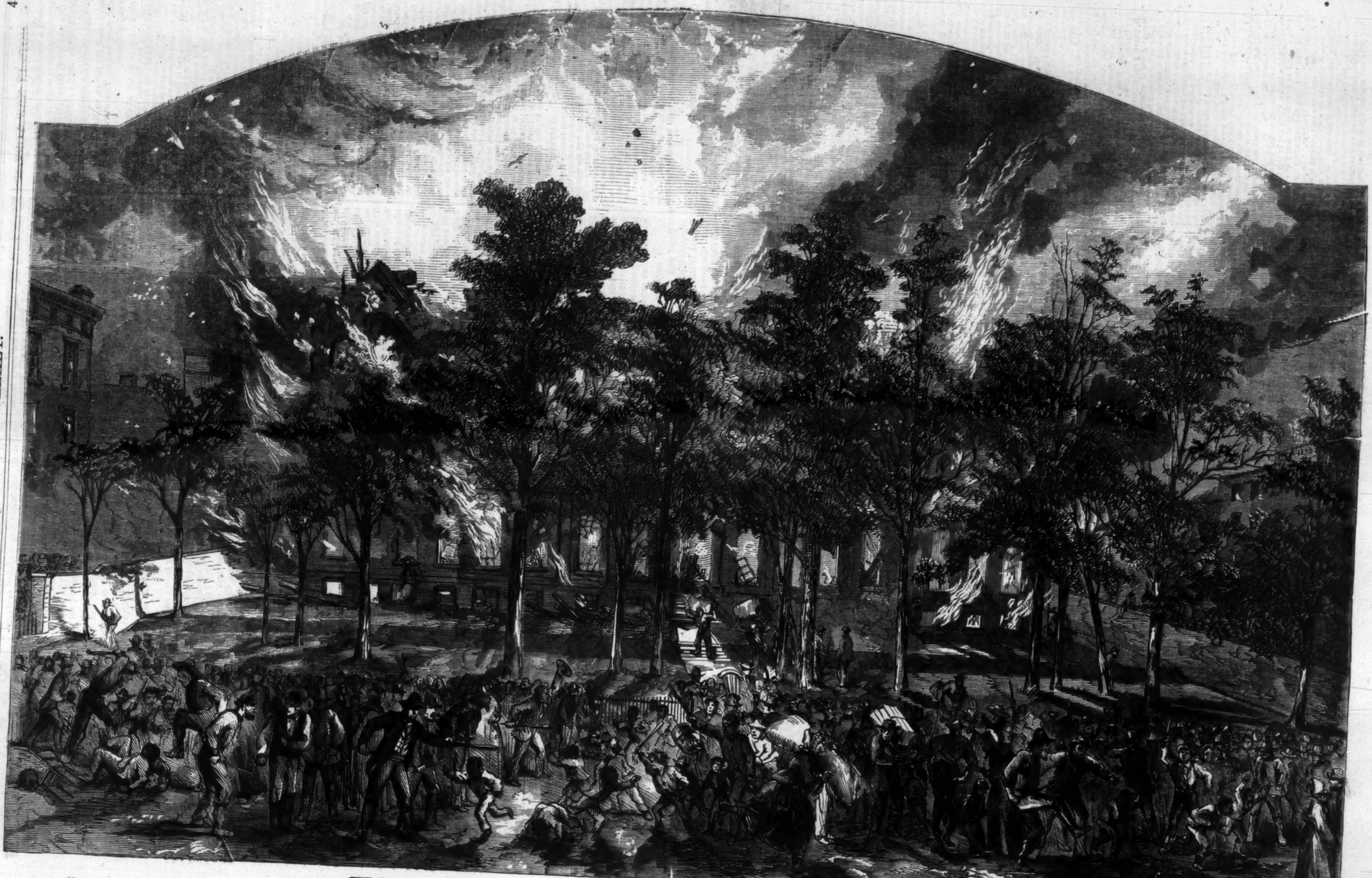
THE CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG—ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET AT THE LEVEE ON FOURTH JULY, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 487.]



THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK—THE RIOTERS BURNING AND SACKING THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.—[See Page 494.]

THE RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to illustrations of the disgraceful and infamous Riot which took place in this city last week. On page 493 will be found a picture of

THE BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM,

by which exploit the rioters, on Monday 13th, inaugurated their sway. This outrage is thus described in the *Times:*

> The Orphan Asylum for Colored Children was visited by the mob about four o'clock. This Institution is situated on Fifth Avenue, and the building, with the grounds and gardens adjoining, extended from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of the rioters, the majority of whom were women and children, entered the premises, and in the most excited and violent manner they ransacked and plundered the building from cellar to garret. The building was located in the most pleasant and healthy portion of the city. It was purely a charitable institution. In it there are on an average 600 or 800 homeless colored orphans. The building was a large four-story one, with two wings of three stories each.
>
> When it became evident that the crowd designed to destroy it, a flag of truce appeared on the walk opposite, and the principals of the establishment made an appeal to the excited populace, but in vain.
>
> Here it was that Chief-Engineer Decker showed himself one of the bravest among the brave. After the entire building had been ransacked, and every article deemed worth carrying away had been taken—and this included even the little garments for the orphans, which were contributed by the benevolent ladies of this city—the premises were fired on the first floor. Mr. Decker did all he could to prevent the flames from being kindled, but when he was overpowered by superior numbers, with his own hands he scattered the brands, and effectually extinguished the flames. A second attempt was made, and this time in three different parts of the house. Again he succeeded, with the aid of half a dozen of his men, in defeating the incendiaries. The mob became highly exasperated at his conduct, and threatened to take his life if he repeated the act. On the front steps of the building he stood up amidst an infuriated and half-drunken mob of two thousand, and begged of them to do nothing so disgraceful to humanity as to burn a benevolent institution, which had for its object nothing but good. He said it would be a lasting disgrace to them and to the city of New York.
>
> These remarks seemed to have no good effect upon them, and meantime the premises were again fired—this time in all parts of the house. Mr. Decker, with his few brave men, again extinguished the flames. This last act brought down upon him the vengeance of all who were bent on the destruction of the asylum, and but for the fact that some firemen surrounded him, and boldly said that Mr. Decker could not be taken except over their bodies, he would have been dispatched on the spot. The institution was destined to be burned, and after an hour and a half of labor on the part of the mob it was in flames in all parts. Three or four persons were horribly bruised by the falling walls, but the names we could not ascertain. There is now scarcely one brick left upon another of the Orphan Asylum.

Another reporter of the *Times* says:

> During the burning of the Colored Orphan Asylum a young Irishman, named Paddy M'Caffrey, with four stage-drivers of the Forty-second Street line and the members of Engine Company No. 18, rescued some twenty of the orphan children who were surrounded by the mob, and in defiance of the threats of the rioters, escorted them to the Thirty-fifth Precinct Station-house. It hardly seems credible, yet it is nevertheless true, that there were dozens of men, or rather fiends, among the crowd who gathered around the poor children and cried out, "Murder the d—d monkeys," "Wring the necks of the d—d Lincolnites," etc. Had it not been for the courageous conduct of the parties mentioned, there is little doubt that many, and perhaps all of those helpless children, would have been murdered in cold blood.

On page 484 we illustrate the

CHARGE OF THE POLICE UPON THE RIOTERS

who were engaged in sacking the *Tribune* office. We take pleasure in publishing the following graphic account of this affair from an officer who took part in it, and can personally testify to its correctness:

> *To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
>
> Sir,—As a variety of conflicting statements have been published in the daily papers purporting to be descriptions of the dispersion of the rioters engaged in sacking the *Tribune* office, a brief statement of the actual facts of that truly brilliant affair, from a participant, may possibly be not unacceptable.
>
> At seven o'clock on Monday evening the members of the 26th Precinct then present, 38 men all told, were assembled in their Squad-room, southeast corner City Hall basement. With them, at the same time and place—and constituting with the 26th a special reserve at that important point—were the reserves of the 1st Precinct, under Captain Warlow; the bulk of Captain Bryan's force (4th Precinct) having being previously ordered to police head-quarters, 300 Mulberry Street; that gallant officer was also present as a volunteer. A report, whether designedly or not, that a riot was progressing in the 1st Precinct, started first Warlow and his command, and immediately after the 26th, under Captain Thorne; on down Broadway to Beaver, or thereabout, and so through to Broad Street, when we found that the disturbance, a slight one, had been suppressed. After a brief delay we resumed our march up Broad and Nassau. Passing the *Evening Post*, a cheer greeted us from the building. On reaching about the corner of Beekman and Nassau a halt was quietly ordered. It was now dark, or nearly so, and through the deepening gloaming we could see the 1st Precinct men halted on the west side of Nassau, just south of the *Times* Buildings. They had rapped, and that was the reason of our halt. A few hurried words of consultation between Captains Thorne and Warlow, and we were again in place and ready. We could now distinctly hear the crashing of wood and glass; the work of riot and devastation had commenced, but with the earnestness and thoroughness which has marked the conduct of this outbreak from the start, there was no shouting or profane clamor. *It was a storming party under competent and effective leadership.* So earnest were they in their work—so absorbed, in fact, that the low, stern order, "Keep together, men; steady; now, then, Forward! Charge!" from Captain Thorne, was unheard save by a few spectators on the *Times* corner. With a shout from a hundred throats, the 26th leading the onset, we struck them like a thunder-bolt, cleaving and scattering them in utter rout, ruin, and dismay. A few of us entered the office. They had only got as far as the ground-floor, and the few fool-hardy rebels who were found were mercilessly clubbed into the street or into insensibility, and hurriedly dragged off by friends to die in unknown homes, or linger, with maimed and shattered heads and limbs, for months and years of pain and disfigurement. The square—a minute previous crowded by a surging mass five thousand strong—was in five minutes cleared to a point below French's Hotel, save where the dead and wounded were being hurriedly dragged off by terrified friends. We did not try to take prisoners till after the first rally, except that Officer Freeman, of the 26th, finding a man, who gave his name as Burt Francis, in the act of ripping up the counter in the office, brought him in, and he was duly committed next morning. Only two more arrests were made.
>
> Victorious, but breathless, we had just succeeded in extinguishing the flames, which had by this time broke out, when a shout as from a great crowd was heard, and a mass of men were seen charging across the Park toward us from the direction of Broadway. The word was given "Stand firm!" and every man squared himself for what now seemed about to be a death-struggle with an overwhelming reinforcement of the mob. It was a supreme moment; but our suspense was immediately at an end. Soon the bright buttons and uplifted batons of our own gallant fellows from Broadway were recognized, the grizzled locks and martial figure of the Metropolitan war-horse, brave Dan Carpenter, conspicuous at their head. One loud, ringing cheer went up, while trusty batons waved, of triumph and relief. Victory was with the right. Law and order had triumphed.
>
> The importance of our *coup* can hardly be overestimated. The suddenness and vigor of the blow took the snap right out of the murdering thieves at the start, and effectually demoralized whatever of organization they had in the lower part of the city. The *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Post* would inevitably have gone as a consequence even of their partial success; and speculation stops aghast when reflecting on the possible havoc and destruction of the massed and hoarded wealth collected below Canal Street.
>
> The officers in command were Captain Thorne, 26th (City Hall) Precinct, and Captain Warlow, 1st Precinct, accompanied by Captain Bryan, 4th Precinct, as an amateur volunteer. Let their names and those of their gallant officers and men be held in grateful remembrance.

One of our special artists, who was detailed to sketch the progress of the riot, thus describes the sketches he furnished, which are reproduced on pages 484 and 485:

MASSACRE OF A NEGRO IN CLARKSON STREET.

One of the first victims to the insane fury of the rioters was a negro cartman residing in Carmine Street. A mob of men and boys seized this unfortunate man on Monday evening, and having beaten him until he was in a state of insensibility, dragged him to Clarkson Street, and hung him from a branch of one of the trees that shade the sidewalk by St. John's Cemetery. The fiends did not stop here, however. Procuring long sticks, they tied rags and straw to the ends of them, and with these torches they danced round their victim, setting fire to his clothes, and burning him almost to a cinder. The remains of the wretched negro hung there till near daylight on Tuesday morning, when they were removed by the police. This atrocious murder was perpetrated within ten feet of consecrated ground, where the white head-stones of the cemetery are seen gleaming through the wooden railing.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL O'BRIEN.

As I arrived at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Second Avenue, the rioters were dragging the body of a man along the sidewalk with a rope. It was difficult to obtain any information from the by-standers, who were terror-struck by the savage fury of the mob. I ascertained, however, that the body was that of Colonel O'Brien of the Eleventh New York. There was not a policeman or soldier within view of whom inquiry could be made. "What did they kill him for?" I asked a man leaning against a lamp-post. "Bedad I suppose it was to square accounts," replied he. "There was a woman and child kilt there below a while ago by the sojers, and in coorse a sojer had to suffer." The brutal roughs who surrounded the body fired pistols at it occasionally, and pelted it with brickbats and paving-stones. The tenacity of life of this unfortunate victim is said to have been remarkable, and those who entered the yard where the body lay some hours later state that breathing was even then perceptible.

SACKING OF A DRUG-STORE.

Sated with blood, the rioters now turned their attention to plunder. A drug-store close by where Colonel O'Brien lay was completely riddled by them, the doors and windows being smashed in with clubs and stones. Women hovered upon the skirts of the crowd, and received the articles as they were thrown or handed from the store. One fellow rushed out with a closely-packed valise, which he opened in the street. The clothes and other things contained in it were eagerly seized and contended for by boys and women standing around. There were a number of letters in it, and some documents with seals, which were probably of value to the owner; but these were savagely torn and trampled under foot by the disappointed plunderers. A woman sat upon the steps near by, and read out portions of one of the letters amidst the jeers of her ribald companions. Another passed me waving in triumph a large parchment manuscript of many pages.

ATTACK UPON THE CLOTHING-STORE OF MESSRS. BROOKS BROTHERS.

From the first of the riot clothing appeared to be a great desideratum among the roughs composing the mob. On Monday evening a large number of marauders paid a visit to the extensive clothing-store of Messrs. Brooks Brothers, at the corner of Catharine and Cherry streets. Here they helped themselves to such articles as they wanted, after which they might be seen dispersing in all directions, laden with their ill-gotten booty.

THE GERMAN TAILORS.

Away up in the Avenues the German tailors were sad sufferers, in consequence of the demand for confiscable apparel. I saw an able-bodied ruffian emerging from a tailor's shop with the breast of his shirt crammed full of pieces of dry-goods of all colors. His arms and shoulders were laden with clothing. He had a new soft hat stuck upon the top of his greasy cap, while in one hand he carried a "nest" of hats of assorted sizes, and a bunch of gorgeous, many-colored ties fluttered from his arm as he ran. "Why did they riddle that shop?" I asked of a woman who was standing by. "Sure the owner is a Jarman," was the reply. Here an Irishman of the non-combative type chimed in, saying, "No, it wasn't that at all; it's becase the boys wanted the clothes. But it's a shame to stale them, any how, and no good ever come of the likes." "Begorra that's thrue for you, Frank Tully," remarked his companion; and thereupon they both expressed themselves greatly in favor of virtue, and opposed to the scenes of violence passing around us. On returning down the Avenue, a quarter of an hour later, I recognized the virtuous Frank Tully and his friend, in an alley-way, busily engaged in trying on some new trowsers, which did not look as if they had been just bought and paid for.

A GORILLA AT LARGE.

During the entire withdrawal of the police and military from large districts of the city many highway robberies must have been perpetrated. Coming down Third Avenue, I passed a group of young rowdies who were amusing themselves with snapping their pistols. One threw his revolver high into the air, and caught it by the barrel as it came down, bragging at the same time that it was both loaded and cocked. A few steps further on I found myself face to face with a fearful-looking desperado, who came suddenly upon me round a corner.

"Hello me buck!" cried he; "don't be in a hurry, now. Hand over your cane; and fork out all you've got."

Fortunately he was somewhat drunk, and he grasped in his right hand a bundle of "greenbacks," which seemed to embarrass him a little. As he still pressed upon me, however, I turned to the young pistoliers, saying,

"Boys, here's a fellow wants to draft me; are we going to stand that?"

This created a diversion in my favor; and when I saw that the attention of the young rowdies was attracted to the money in the desperado's hand I improved the opportunity and proceeded up a by-street, at an accelerated pace. Had I struck him with my stick, which was my first impulse, I should most assuredly have fallen a victim to the blind fury of the young pistoliers. Probably the right owner of the "greenbacks" fared much worse than I did, independent of the loss of his money.

THE DEAD SERGEANT.

On Thursday there was a great deal of fighting going on between the military and the rioters, in the neighborhood of Twentieth Street and First Avenue. Passing through Twenty-second Street, I saw a dead sergeant lying on the sidewalk. From his uniform I judged that he belonged to the Fourteenth New York Cavalry. He was killed by a bullet fired from one of the houses in the vicinity, and then barbarously beaten and mangled by the mob. As he lay there, with a cloth thrown by some decent person over his face, to hide his ghastly wounds, ill-looking women came now and then to look at him, jesting over the unconscious remains, and pointing them out to their infant children with fiendish glee. The little boys amused themselves by lifting up his hands, and then letting them fall to the ground with heavy "thud." Others performed savage dances around the body, jumping round it, and over it, and even upon it. Dropping shots were coming from the windows and roofs of houses not far distant, so that I did not prolong my stay in that part of the city. It was any thing but safe ground. As I was crossing a street not far below where the dead sergeant lay I heard the word "Fire!" and on turning round saw that a platoon of soldiers were firing down the street right in the direction of where I stood. I believe they were aiming high, to reach the windows of some distant houses, which accounts for my escape.

On page 484 we illustrate one of the severest fights which took place between the mob and the troops on 16th inst., the

FIGHT IN SECOND AVENUE.

This is faithfully described in the *Times* as follows:

> At five o'clock last evening intelligence was sent to Police Head-quarters that the mob, between First and Second avenues, in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street, had renewed their operations in great force, and that they were robbing and plundering all the stores in that vicinity.
>
> A military force was speedily sent to the spot; but when they arrived there they found the rioters were too strong for them, and after contesting the field for half an hour they were ordered to withdraw. A sergeant who had command of a portion of the military force was shot, and afterward most brutally beaten to death. His body lay in the street for three hours. The military and police were powerless to suppress the mob, from the fact that almost every house between First and Second avenues, in the vicinity of Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, was filled by assassins, and from all the windows and house-tops shots, stones, and brickbats were thrown with great rapidity. Fifteen members of the Fifth Company, Seventh Regiment, are reported killed by stones and brickbats.
>
> The military force were compelled to withdraw until reinforced. At about nine o'clock Captain Putnam of the United States Army, aided by Lieutenant Chase and Sergeant Greenman, with a force of Regulars of about 700 men, repaired to the scene. They drove the rioters from their hiding-places, took the body of the Sergeant away, and soon after the scene of disturbance was transferred to Thirty-first Street and Second Avenue.
>
> Here the battle was terrible. The insurgents had gained the windows and housetops of nearly all the buildings in that vicinity. For a time they held control of the neighborhood. Muskets and pistols were fired by the mob upon the military and citizens in the streets. Quite a number were injured, and two quiet and unoffending citizens are known to have been killed by the rioters. Captain Putnam, in charge of the military, when all hope of stopping the proceedings in any other way was gone, ordered his men to sweep the streets and then turn their fire on the houses occupied by the rioters. The order was promptly obeyed, and eleven persons, all of whom were ringleaders among the rioters, were shot dead. The stones and brickbats then flew thicker and faster among the soldiers.
>
> The order was given to turn their fire upon the buildings. A volley was fired, and the returning echo brought shots from guns and pistols discharged from all parts of the adjoining houses. All kinds of missiles were thrown, and many soldiers were seriously injured thereby. An order then came to take all rioters in and upon the buildings. The promptness with which this was obeyed did great credit to the soldiers.
>
> The tenement houses, which were filled with rioters, were taken by storm. The resistance, of course, was desperate, and the mob fought against the military for half an hour with a fury and desperation worthy of a better cause. At the end of that time the mob were overpowered and dispersed. Thirty-five of them were taken prisoners, and at least half as many more were killed while resisting the officers.
>
> Officers Putnam, Chase, and Greenman acted with the greatest coolness and decision throughout the whole affair, and to them, and the brave soldiers under them, the credit is due of suppressing one of the most serious and vindictive mobs which have prowled through our city for the last four days.
>
> The rioters at twelve o'clock last night were in a quiet state. The prisoners taken were conveyed to Police Head-quarters, and the dead and wounded were properly cared for by the soldiers and police.
>
> The triumph of the authorities over the lawless mob in Second Avenue last night was most decisive and complete.

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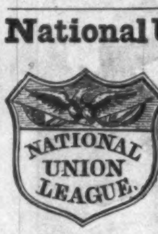

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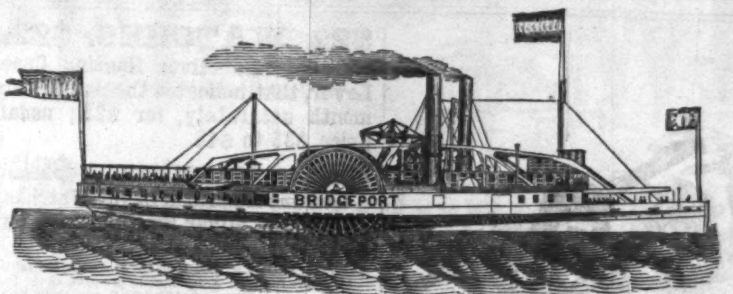

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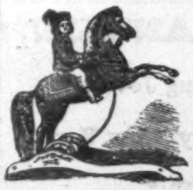

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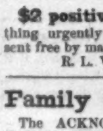

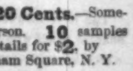

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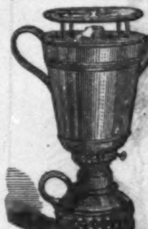

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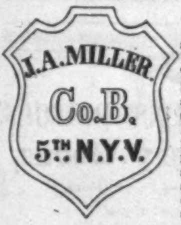
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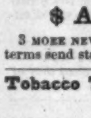

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